

VERMONT *Quarterly*



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VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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All correspondence of whatever nature should be addressed to The Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier, Vermont. Telephone—1500—extension 39. Correspondence and manuscripts are welcomed.

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NEW SERIES

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VOL. XX No. 2

VERMONT *Quarterly*

A MAGAZINE OF HISTORY



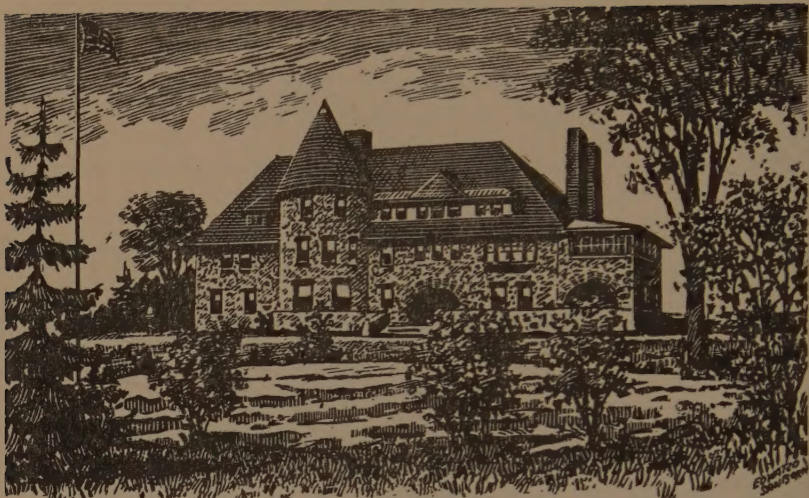
April 1952

The PROCEEDINGS of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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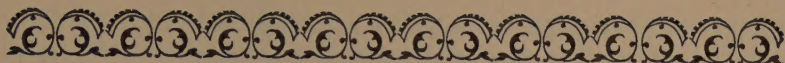


MEMORIAL HEDGE OF LILACS—REDSTONE HALL

"The University of Vermont has a beautiful tradition known as Lilac Day. It was instituted in 1922 by Akraia, senior women's honorary society, and carried on by Mortar Board, successor to Akraia, and in more recent years by Staff and Sandal, and other student groups.

"It is a memorial to the University's first Dean of Women, Mrs. Pearl Randall Wasson, who started a planting of lilacs at Redstone before her sudden death in 1922. Since 1923, with the exception of the war years, when the Army occupied the campus, the college girls have been adding a lilac bush to the memorial hedge 'with ever-returning spring'."

From Garden Traditions of Vermont



GARDEN TRADITIONS OF VERMONT

By MARGARET DURICK CARTY

The flower gardens of yesterday are an appealing phase of Vermont history. The Massachusetts girl who brought with her to her Vermont cabin home her precious packet of English flower seeds was initiating a tradition still fragrant among our hills and valleys. It is difficult for most of us to believe that a rose bush, planted a century ago, can still be blooming, and keeping an ancient pledge with the one who, loving beauty, planted it one hundred years ago. This article is the first, we believe, on this general topic in the whole range of Vermont historical writings. Editor.

A COMPILATION of garden tradition in every state is being made by the National Federation of State Garden Clubs. Some digging and delving into this attractive subject matter already reveals a rich, shining vein of garden tradition in the Green Mountain State, even though gardens in other parts of New England were mellow with years before the first seeds of "White-Satten" and "Holly Hocks" were dropped from mouse-proof, guarded containers into our good earth.

Samuel de Champlain gave us the first record of cultivation when he wrote in his diary on July 4, 1609: "Continuing our route along the west side of the lake, contemplating the country, I saw on the east side very high mountains, capped with snow. I asked the Indians if these parts were inhabited. They answered me yes, and that they were Iroquois, and there were in those parts beautiful valleys and fields fertile with corn as good as any I had eaten in the country, with an infinitude of other fruits. . . ."

In 1748, the Royal Academy of Sweden sent the great botanist Peter Kalm to explore America botanically, and we know that he roamed the western wildernesses of Vermont and was enraptured with the riches of our wild flowers.

As victorious Rangers trudged back home to Connecticut and Massachusetts about 1760, they took note of the black virgin soil of this north country, the rushing crystal streams and waterfalls, the abundant wild life and the pines, forests of them, six feet through at the base. These things were sharply photographed in their minds and proved irresistible. They soon started north again with their

families or their brides, as the case might be, and began the long hard struggle to clear the land for wheat and pastures.

Twenty-two settlers came on horseback to the site of Bennington in 1761. Four years later it was a flourishing town. Newbury on the Connecticut was also bustling by 1765, and a chain of little villages mushroomed along the banks of the lovely river.

Because English colonists dearly loved gardens and brought seeds across the ocean in the earliest emigrations, we could presume, even without legend or record, that our pioneer women tucked posey seeds and shoots of rose and lilac among their earthly goods when they faced toward the wilderness.

But we can do better than mere presuming. Vermont abounds in floral antiques and heirlooms. It has been thrilling to discover all the treasured old roses there are in this state, some of them cared for to this day by descendants of first settlers. Often the species and variety are unknown and the bush goes by the family name, or delightfully, as was the case of a rose in the Brainerd-Adams garden in Middlebury, by the enchanting name of "Mama's Rose."

I

Two famous family-named roses are the Ashley Rose, a white damask of which Mrs. Keays speaks in her book, *Old Roses*; and the Crafts Rose, a plant brought to Vermont by the family of Colonel Ebenezer Crafts, founder of Craftsbury, in 1791 and cherished in the garden of blood descendants, the Dustans, today. The Dustans have also preserved the original plantings of the fragrant sweetbrier (*Rosa eglanteria*) and cinnamon rose, tiger lilies and daffodils.

The ancestors of Dean Mary Jean Simpson of the University of Vermont brought a white rose to East Craftsbury from Scotland. It has passed through several hands, but is still alive and flourishing at Craftsbury Common. Another early family preserved from Colonial times a red damask rose which they called the English Rose.

To mark the birth of Julius Randall in October, 1842, a moss rosebush was planted on the day of his birth in the front yard of the homestead at Pittsford. It has never been moved from that spot and is still as lovely and deliciously, pungently fragrant as it was a hundred years ago. A slip of this rose was taken to Wisconsin by a son of Julius Randall, and later the plant was moved to California.

A family whose maternal ancestry dates back to pre-Revolutionary times, the Hughes family of Fair Haven, treasures an old, old single pink rose that is thornless. No description that fits it has been found, even after very diligent search through the books on old-time roses.

Yellow briars still bloom in golden splendor near old homesteads every June, and occasionally one hears about a Seven Sisters Rose. Many Vermonters will remember it as the pride and joy of their grandmothers.

It is a family legend that Daniel Hulett and his wife and sons brought with them from Killingly, Connecticut, to Pawlet 999 apple seeds. A shoot from an elm at her family home in Tolland, Connecticut, carried to Springfield in 1781 by Mrs. Samuel Cobb, is said to have been the forebear of some grand old trees of Springfield.

Vermonters cherish seeds, bulbs and plants from long-ago plantings as they cherish fine old glass or china. Mrs. Willard Eaton of Fair Haven has masses of poet's narcissus, a weigelia bush, a section of a flowering almond and an eglantine rose—all heirlooms from her grandmother's garden laid out in 1852. She recalls that the garden took up the whole front yard, and purposely, too, for this was before the time of lawn mowers. It was framed from the street by the customary white picket fence and designed in rectangular beds edged with slate between gravel paths.

In the charming perennial garden of Miss Gwladys Hughes of Fair Haven, there still blooms in June a red peony inherited from her grandmother's garden of nearly a century ago. Mrs. Naomi M. Ingalls of Windsor treasures an aged peony also (the "piney" of old), and seeds of scarlet lightning (*Lychnis chalcodonica*) handed down for generations, and plants of cobbler's bench, Jacob's ladder, flowering currant, moss rose, syringa and lilacs taken from an original Colonial planting.

Since garden tradition really belongs to folklore rather than to formal history, probably the newly established Vermont Folklore Society will bring to light many more plant heirlooms and, we hope, many more delightful stories like the one in their first booklet about the country doctor who liked forget-me-nots. He made a habit of sprinkling the seeds of this flower on the brooks and streams he passed, leaving us beauty and a celestial blue, self-perpetuating memorial to himself.

Amusingly enough, the first mention in Vermont history of the gardener's chief tool, the masterful hoe, is not in connection with the peaceful pursuits of Ceres. When claimants from New York State disputed Captain Samuel Robinson's right to lands in Bennington, the Captain settled the matter by using his hoe to chop the surveyor's chain in two.

Although there were war scars, Vermont did not suffer greatly in the Revolution. The population was 7,000 in 1771. In 1781, it was

30,000 and by 1791, 85,000. A tidal wave of immigration rolled toward the Green Mountains after the war. Land was cheap and attractive. Farms of 330 acres to the lot were sold at a price equivalent to from seven to ten cents an acre, and a man could usually pay for his farm with his first crop of wheat.

II

A glimpse of the first fine gardens in the state is given us in *Sketches of Historic Bennington*, a book manufactured by Riverside Press of Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1898, for John and Caroline Merrill of Bennington: "The homes were made more exclusive in those days by the high fences which inclosed their grounds; and I remember standing by a gate at the Catamount Tavern one beautiful afternoon in summer, and looking with longing eyes at that historic house, when suddenly I saw a sweet-faced old lady in the doorway, who beckoned me to enter. . . . She gave us permission to go into the garden and gather gooseberries; no others eaten since have ever tasted quite the same. . . .

"On the corner south of the Catamount Tavern, and next to the court-house," the book continues, "stood the old house where Ethan Allen once lived. It was a large double house, with a hall which ran its entire length, and opened into a beautiful old garden. This place was especially attractive to us, for flowers and shrubs which we had never seen before grew there in wild luxuriance, and beyond the flowers were fruit trees of many kinds, with grapevines twining high up in their branches. We were never happier than when we were permitted to wander in this old-time garden."

Continuing quotations from *Sketches of Historic Bennington*: "The first apple-tree in town was planted by Peter Harwood, near his house, where it lived and flourished for 109 years. Many relics have been turned from the wood of this tree and given away, to be carefully preserved by friends who were interested in the old home, near where it had stood for more than a century.

"Adjoining the State Arms, on the north, stood a brick building with a gable roof, occupied by an old-time Congressman. . . . An old-fashioned garden was a feature of the place, just such a garden as one reads about, but rarely sees nowadays,—one where the grapevines twined about the trees until the trunks were covered. We also remember the garden as prolific in fruits and flowers. The flowers seemed to be in endless variety, and their coloring has increased in brightness, and their fragrance in strength, as the long years have passed; likewise with the fruit. How tempting looked the long-

necked pears as they hung in bunches, bending low the branches; and how delicious seemed the German Bow apples, and the big Harvest Sweets, so ripe that they split open as they fell upon the ground! Plums grew in that garden of all sizes and colors, from the small sweet sugar-plum to the large red and white egg-plums."

An Italian nobleman and amateur botanist, Count Castiglioni, visited Vermont in the summer of 1785 and made notes in his journal on the flora. André Michaux, greatest of the French botanists, went through the Champlain Valley in June, 1792, and recorded about 175 plants. His son, Francois Michaux, followed the same course fourteen years later. Frederick Pursh of Austria botanized on the mountains in 1807 and made the first discovery of Braun's Holly Fern in America. A list of plants in the town of Middlebury, compiled by Dr. Edwin James, was published in 1821, and in 1824 Zadock Thompson published the first state list.

"There is a garden annexed to every house," Colonel Ira Allen wrote the Duke of Portland in 1798, "always well stored with pulse and roots for the supply of the table; parsnips, carrots, turnips, cabbage, potatoes, pumpkins, etc. grow in such abundance that we begin to fatten swine with them."

It is likely that there were not many real flower gardens in Vermont around this time, except in the towns. On the new farms priority had to go to more vital things, the refinements being postponed until a little later. The women worked beside their men in the fields, made their own soap and candles, helped shear the sheep, washed and carded the wool, and spun it into yarn and wove it into flannel cloth. They tended the herb garden and the vegetable garden. They concocted tonics and homemade medicines. They raised their own flax, pulled it, retted it in the ponds, put it on the distaff, and spun it into linen yarn for sheets and undergarments for their big families. Is it any wonder that their innate love and feeling for beauty had to wait for flowering in the dooryard gardens of their daughters and granddaughters?

The year 1816 proved heartbreaking. It has gone down in history as "the famine year," "the cold year," and "Eighteen hundred and froze to death." On the morning of June 9, there was ice in the cattle troughs, and snow fell until it lay a foot deep over the green wheat and corn and two to three feet deep where it drifted. There were frosts and snow every month of the year, and a drought from May to September. Some trees made feeble efforts to leaf out again after the June disaster, but not the beeches. We came across no records on the fate of the flowers, but we know, of course, that the historical roses

survived, and bulbs, and cinnamon roses, eglantines and lilacs ("laylocks"), which are practically invincible, anyway.

Happier history was made in the year 1825. General Lafayette and his son, George Washington Lafayette, were joyfully welcomed "to the green hills and happy villages of Vermont" in the last lush days of June. The climax of entertainments in their honor was a reception at historic Grassmount, the Burlington home of Governor Cornelius P. Van Ness. The great house shone with lights and the gardens were "fancifully lighted up." It may well have been that plants and seeds for these gardens came later from France in remembrance of the visit, because Lafayette was an ardent horticulturist and enjoyed sending such gifts to his American friends.

This same notable year, Eleanor Randolph, Thomas Jefferson's granddaughter, passed through Burlington on her wedding journey and saw in it a lovely village of gardens. She wrote in her journal: "The private houses are among the best I have seen. Some are large and well built, surrounded by handsome gardens and fine trees."¹

The year 1825 also marked the introduction of the first cast plow with cast-iron mold board. Crude wooden plows had broken the earth in Vermont, and our farmers clung to them for years. They did not trust the new-fangled plow to stand up against contact with stones and rocks. But by 1840 most of them had accepted it. There were thirty-two shops and factories turning out agricultural tools by 1860.

Wax grafting is said to have originated in Shaftsbury. All male citizens, so the story goes, became so expert at it that the town was practically left without a man during the spring months.

The building of railroads in 1848 brought great changes. It rang the curtain down for good on the pioneer period. Store goods became available, leaving the mother of the family with a little less to do and time at last to fuss with a flower garden.

Mrs. Betsy Copeland Jacobs of Milton, whose paternal great-grandparents settled between the Winooski and White Rivers about 1800, has vivid memories of the color and fragrance of her grandmother's garden. In an article in the May, 1944 issue of *The Vermonter*, she recalled the profusion of cinnamon roses (and their thorns!) down by the old spring, and, "coming nearer the house and close by the fence or stone wall . . . the lilac bushes, snowdrops, sweet brier, syringa, bush honeysuckle, snowball, barbary bush and flowering almond."

On the sunny side of the house there were "clumps or little beds, not arrayed in a formal manner, but hit-or-miss, mingling their colors

and fragrance together, such as bleeding heart, larkspur, monkshood, columbine and many lilies of different varieties."

"At the suggestion of grandmother," Mrs. Jacobs' story continued, "we passed many hours hunting to find two blades of grass alike, but with no success. (Did you ever try it?) It is hard to imagine the beauty of grandmother's pantry window where the flowering beans and morning glories climbed higher and higher to the very top, pushing their flowers into prominence to gain our admiration and ejaculations of delight. Then there were poppies, hollyhocks, phlox and possibly others which have slipped my memory. One of the very necessary things in those times was the hop vine. Without the gathering and setting away of the hops, we would have been out of bread. As 'emptins,' hops and potatoes were essential in making good bread, in which my grandmother excelled."

Mrs. Jacobs believes that many of the plants dated back to seed packets brought to the new home in 1800. Of the herb garden she remembers "peppermint and other mints—caraway, catnip, lavender, sage, summer savory, dill, saffron, tansy and wormwood."

"Many of these were for seasoning foods," she explains, "while others were for medicinal teas. As soon as the snow was gone and the sun was warm, chives and pepper grass began to grow, which added much to our lagging appetites. How grandmother watched the plants, the flowers and the development of the fruit of the loveapple—not knowing then the great health value of the tomato."

Some flowers not mentioned by Mrs. Jacobs but known to have been in the old-time Vermont gardens were the bright blue squills, grape hyacinths, beebalm, dropwort, feverfew, wallflower, moss and clove pinks, coreopsis, heliotrope, canterbury bells, rose campion or mullein pink, foxglove, flower-de-luce, crown imperial, sweet william, nasturtium, custard or lemon day lilies, bluebells, widow's tears, scarlet lightning, red-hot poker, money-in-both-pockets, johnny-go-to-bed, trooper's feather, ragged robin, love-lies-bleeding.

Phlox, the native American plant, was plentifully present in the old gardens and is the summer glory of Vermont gardens today. For these reasons the Federated Garden Clubs of Vermont, founded in 1936, chose phlox as the flower to appear on its seal.

House plants were always important to grandmother. Lined up indoors on window sills and "stands," they gave color to dull winter days. In the spring they were dutifully set out under the lilacs or on the side porch—the fuchsias, calla lilies and geraniums, and the tubs of amaryllis and blue lily-of-the-Nile.

Sarah Orne Jewett speaks of them in *Country By-Ways*: "After a

while tender plants could be kept through the winter because the houses were better built and warmer. Perhaps the parlor or best room and a special separate garden for the flowers were two luxuries of the same date and they made a noticeable change in the manner of living."

Miss Elsie M. Kittredge of Bristol, eminent Vermont botanist, recalls that when she first saw Vermont fifty-odd years ago, she noticed that at least one window in every farmhouse sheltered at least one geranium, usually red.

Gloxinia bulbs attain a real old age in Vermont. There are homes in this state where the same bulb has been brought up from the cellar every February for the last sixty years, to flower magnificently in late spring or early June.

III

Mrs. Sherman R. Moulton, of Burlington, whose great-grandfather Munson settled Colchester, the next township, does not personally remember the old gardens of Burlington in their glory, but only in their later, neglected years, when the tulips, daffodils and hyacinths still came bravely up in masses through the grass and weeds. An old resident once told her that there was a beautiful garden at the Pomeroy place on the site of the present post office, and when this family entertained, the garden was strung with colored lanterns and the guests strolled up and down the paths between dances.

Mrs. Moulton's knowledge of bygone gardens came also from listening to the comments of her family when they passed by the old places. In this way she learned that there once were delightful gardens at the Arthur place on North Avenue, the Pomeroy place on North Prospect Street, at Grassmount, the Pierce home on the corner of Church and Pearl Streets and the Loomis home on Pearl Street.

University professors who dared to risk the old side-wheelers, Mrs. Moulton recounted, would bring back plants and bulbs from Europe and distribute them among their friends at home. If Professor Torrey made the gift, the plant was from that day on known as the "Torrey flower," or by the name of the donor, whoever he happened to be.

Mrs. Moulton recalls having heard that a hedge of locusts once enclosed the garden at her family home, which is interesting because one seldom sees such a hedge today. The garden beds were in the shape of diamonds and squares, with a circle in the center. A stylish white fence surrounded the whole place, and it was great fun to perch on the huge balls surmounting the corner posts.

George Fisher, Sr., great-grandfather of Miss Grace P. Fisher of

Vergennes and a captain in the War of 1812, was an excellent gardener. His daughter Achsa inherited his gardening gift, for family legend tells that she had a garden chock full of "pineys," flower-de-luce, sweet william, pinks and violets. When Miss Fisher's mother was a young girl, she cultivated raised flower beds, brick-edged, which her father had built for her.

Mrs. W. Travis Jerome of Bennington recalls that the garden of her cousin, the former historian of the D.A.R., Miss Katharine J. Hubbell, was edged with box. This is the first and only time we have heard of box in a Vermont garden. It was a characteristic planting of old gardens to the south of us, but subject to constant winterkill in the north country.

Miss Hubbell was a granddaughter of Aaron Hubbell, who fought in the battle of Bennington. Her house was opposite the family homestead and was built by her father in 1816.

"Her garden was alongside her house," Mrs. Jerome said, "and was sunken sufficiently to be protected against our cruel west winds. The house protected it on one side, big lilac bushes, locust trees and elms on another. The garden itself was quite formal. It had low-growing box borders surrounding its beds, with pebbly paths between. I can smell that garden now—the unique scent of box, and the lavender, lemon verbena and scented geraniums. Many of the plants were brought in for the winter and filled a room which served as a conservatory. The garden is still there, but is pretty well overgrown. The box is gone."

A garden in Woodstock, known as The Hedges, is a century old. The hedges are of cedar and of varying heights. The one that runs alongside the beautiful old Congregational Church, where there hangs, incidentally, a Paul Revere bell, is thirty feet high. The house was built in 1809, and the gardens have been kept about the same as they were a hundred years ago. Gravel paths lead into the garden from the street to a grass triangle that was once a posey bed. In the rear is a latticed summer-house, sweet and mellowed, with tangles of wild grape, clematis and woodbine. A rose garden lies between two hedges. There is a spreading box-elder at the foot of the lawn and a planting of old-fashioned lilies, peonies, dicentra and poppies.²

The trees in the Brainerd-Adams garden, the oldest in Middlebury, date back to 1803 when Daniel Chipman built a spacious house on this site. A garden may have been established then also. Mrs. Allen H. Nelson says that her grandfather bought the property, which is known as "Springside," in 1854 and that old family letters mention the garden flowers. The garden in its present form of square plot

surrounded by a hedge and fences, and also the side gardens, were designed by Mrs. Nelson's father, the great botanist and educator, Dr. Ezra Brainerd, about 1870.

But there is more to this garden than age alone and charm. Bateson, England's foremost leader in genetics, travelled to America expressly to see it. He came to stay a day, but was so fascinated he remained for ten. For in this garden, through a systematic study of violets and blackberries, Dr. Brainerd patiently worked out his solution of the laws which govern heredity in plants.

Three of the Fairbanks' homes in St. Johnsbury had beautiful conservatories that were often opened to the public. Governor Horace Fairbanks' conservatory was known for many years for its large collection of orchids. At Underclyffe, the home of Colonel Franklin Fairbanks, there were chrysanthemums in the fall and winter, and in the spring a profusion of camellias, calceolarias, cinerarias, the very sweet small double English violets, heather and azaleas. In the conservatory of Professor Henry Fairbanks, calla lilies and azaleas predominated.

Miss Cathleen Sherman of Ripon, Wisconsin, glowingly recalls for us the garden of Carlos Sherman of Castleton, from the 90's through 1915: "From the house we went into the garden by well-kept walks bordered by wide lawns, with syringa, weigelia, spirea and snowberry shrubs in the background. One path curved around a grove of pines, hemlocks and spruces with twin Norway spruces, the loveliest trees I have ever seen, towering over all. Another walk brought us to a greenhouse for grapes, not flowers, but the large bunches of purple Homburgs and white grapes on their green vines were as beautiful as flowers.

"Beds of flowers surrounded the greenhouse,—phlox, stock, mignonette, larkspur, verbenas, tuberoses, marigolds, heliotrope, lilies of the valley, asters, pansies and an edging of the little English daisy, as we called it.

"There were roses, too—the old-fashioned white ones with pinkish buds, the yellow Marechal Niel, moss roses and the gorgeous General Jacqueminot (I think no more perfect red rose has ever been grown). I can see it on my mother's black velvet dress and in her black hair.

"Usually the purple and white lilacs were in bloom for 'Decoration Day,' as we called it then. The vegetable garden, edged with hollyhocks, peonies, currant bushes and feathery asparagus green, was as bright and gay as the flower garden. The apple orchard was beautiful with blossoms in May and with fruit in the fall, and the cherry trees

and trellises laden with Concord and Delaware grapes were unforgettably lovely. Tall pines guarded the west boundaries and through them one glimpsed the sunsets. Those were days of leisurely travel and many people stopped to visit this garden."

With a machine shop across the street in front and the largest shoddy mill in the country to the east and south, a secluded garden of uttermost charm has been built by women of four generations of the same family who loved to work in it. It is the garden of Miss Miriam E. Marsh of 40 Park Street, Springfield, who says that it is at its best in June, with the iris and peonies and roses in a succession of bloom; but to everyone who knows this garden it is beautiful the season through.

In Miss Marsh's words: "Some of the old plants have been discarded, but there are roses still alive and shrubbery also that were planted by my grandmother (Mrs. Frederick Porter). We like to think that the two old syringa bushes at the corners of the house were put in by the great-grandparents who moved in in 1820. The house was built in 1813 and was bought by my great-great grandfather Mark Richards of Westminster for his daughter and son-in-law.

"Later their son brought his bride to this house. She was an enthusiastic gardener. We know that she made the rose beds that border the long walk to the middle arbor and planted the currant bushes that border this walk from the middle arbor to the end wall. Besides shrubbery she planted trees, raspberries and gooseberries and had a large vegetable garden for her family of five children. My mother was the eldest of the five children and she added a perennial bed to border the long lawn.

"My grandmother did not have many bulbs, but a clump of her snow drops and a row of snow flakes come up each spring. She had three irises, Mme. Chereau, Florentine and Flavescens, and that is where I started about thirty years ago. I made a small square iris bed back of the middle arbor in what was an abandoned asparagus bed and a few of the newer varieties have been added each year.

"One change I have made as advancing years limit my strength—I have put floribunda roses in place of the perennials. I have also replaced the old roses, when necessary, with floribundas, which are colorful all summer.

"The cultivated part of the grounds is a level shelf on the Park Street hill. The slope is uncultivated and a haven for birds, with the overflow of spring water there and many trees."

We first learned about Miss Marsh's beautiful garden from Springfield's nonagenarian historian, Miss Mary Eva Baker, who recalled

the many garden parties and festivities held there down through the years. Miss Baker also pointed out that this home was the birthplace of Russell Porter, the astronomer and telescope maker, who went to the North Pole twice with Peary.

The April, 1910, issue of *Woman's Home Companion* carried an article by the late Charles Edward Hooper on old-time gardens of the Connecticut Valley, and we gratefully acknowledge the courtesy of the present-day editors in permitting us to quote from it.

IV

"My first find," Mr. Hooper's article stated, "was the garden of Miss Caroline Keyes at Putney, Vermont. This garden was a great favorite of Rudyard Kipling who often visited it when he lived at Brattleboro, and, it is said, even copied it to some extent in his wonderful Sussex garden."

This was a joyful discovery because, in Mr. Hooper's own words, "of the houses of colonial days we can still find many unspoiled examples, but their gardens are, for the most part, things of the past. A garden is, at best, the individual expression of perhaps a single temperament, and thus its thread of existence is a slender one. It is so easily destroyed, plowed under in a day.

"It had long seemed to me that owing to the antiquity and old-time prosperity of the Connecticut Valley there should still exist in that region some more or less complete examples of old gardens. Reading up a bit in the history of that region confirmed my opinion, but when I went out to look for those delightful old gardens it was just about as satisfactory as hunting the snark. Most of them had been gone for many years, I found; some for but a few years; one about eight months. I went as far north as Windsor, Vermont, and from there to Long Island Sound, searching everywhere I could find the slightest clue.

"The Keyes garden—and indeed the whole plot—was laid out by Miss Keyes' father about seventy years ago (1840) and it was so carefully planned, both for arrangement and planting, that it is well worth copying.

"The entire plot is about one hundred and thirty-eight feet on the street, with a depth of about two hundred and eleven feet; it faces approximately southeast by east. The grade rises from the front to the rear and is handled in a series of eight terraces in the garden portion and an easy grade in the house yard.

"There are four graceful larch trees in front, their lower trunks

covered with woodbine which romps off into the grass, and this destroys their stiff and formal contact with the ground.

"Now for the garden itself. The formal garden, with its well-proportioned beds, occupies the lower terrace and is slightly more than a foot above the grade of the street outside. The beds are raised six inches above this with quarter round turf borders. The garden is inclosed by a stone retaining wall on the side next to the neighboring lot; on the street by a fence which is covered with morning-glory flowers of 'heavenly blue'; on the house side by a fence covered with thick-growing grape-vines; while the edge of the second terrace incloses it at the back. The entrance is from the house yard through a most picturesque arch of latticework.

"Formerly the interior fence extended beyond the formal garden, emphasizing the dividing line between the terraced and the inclined treatment. The row of old fruit trees which follow this line are over-run with grape-vines. These start at the arbor, and having covered it, ramble over the tree-tops in fine abandon. This freedom of detail which is intended to accentuate certain formal lines relieves them of all stiffness and pretense, much to their advantage, and has been gratefully repeated throughout the scheme. The garden plan suggests formal treatment, but in the actuality all is delightfully free and sympathetic from the half-wild touches of larger growth. Miss Keyes is a lover of nature, and the way which she has allowed certain shrubs to assert their independence has greatly enhanced the individual charm of the garden.

"It will be noticed in the plan that each terrace, excepting some of those at the rear of the lot, has an emphatic line of planting across the front. Even some of the vegetable terraces are thus treated. On the fourth terrace, in particular, the planting is well thought out. As you stand in the formal garden and look toward the rear, there is a delightful transition from one snappy detail to another; from this to the less emphatic mosaic of the sweet-pea blossoms; in turn to the soft and formal suggestion of the corn-tassel above and the broader masses of the tree foliage, which melt into the uncertain vibrations of the sky. This terrace will serve as an example of the method of planting on all terrace fronts. In this case daffodil, tulip, peony and gladiola help in turn to establish a color line, and the desired effect is prolonged and varied.

"Two details, experiments of Miss Keyes, are of special interest. One is the planting of German iris in a field of forget-me-nots. The other an arrangement of tomato vines on short poles as a backing for a bed of phlox. At a time not so long ago, the tomato was a garden

decoration only; its food properties were not known. Here it serves the two purposes of use and beauty. . . . Even the most ardent of garden pilgrims could not expect to find many such treasures as the Keyes garden."

It is fortunate that Mr. Hooper discovered this garden, described it so fully, drew the plan and left a key to the planting. It is fortunate for us, too, that Miss Gwladys Hughes of Fair Haven, a gardener in the best tradition, read that magazine article and liked it well enough to clip it out and paste it in a garden scrapbook. Otherwise, we might never have known about it, and Mr. Webster Wagner of Pittsford could not have made an accompanying plan which we hope some young Vermont gardeners will want to copy. Miss Keyes died about twenty-five years ago, and all that is left of the garden is a grand showing of daffodils in late May and a trace of the strongest and most common perennials.

Most Vermonters and many visitors and summer residents know of the Robinson Gardens in Williamstown. Miss Belle D. Robinson, now carrying on alone, says that the gardens began about sixty years ago in the little plot where her mother tended clove pinks and peonies. "From that beginning, like Topsy, they 'just grewed'," she explains, and you smile with her, knowing so lovely a hillside could never have come up like Topsy.

"All the work of years," Miss Robinson continues, "is more than repaid by the many memories of the sister who worked beside me through the years and of the friends who have wandered through these paths and told me about their own gardens in far away lands and almost worshipped at my beds of edelweis, lavender and primula that they had not seen since they left their home lands. Like all gardens, it is not finished. There are so many dreams that haven't come true yet."

A little gem of a garden surrounds the home of Mrs. Dutton at Craftsbury Common. It has a definite personality that stems from many things—the setting, perhaps, and the fact that most of the plants were brought over from the Dutton farm homestead at East Craftsbury twelve years ago, where Mrs. Dutton lived fifty-two years of her married life and where she had a lovely old-fashioned garden, and perhaps because gardens, like babies, respond best to warmth-of-heart handling. Mrs. Dutton and her daughter, Miss Mary L. Dutton, do all their own gardening. The garden is a border with plantings both inside and outside a picket fence. The flowers are the old favorites—delphinium, peonies, phlox, heliotrope, sweet william, canterbury bells and foxglove.

Starting in the spring of 1917 on thin, slatey, barren soil, Miss Anna Byington of Charlotte has achieved a beautiful garden. It began with a long gravel walk and one long border. The next year a matching border was built on the other side of the main walk. A rose garden was added, a heavenly spot to carry a breakfast tray to on a June morning. A high clipped cedar hedge now shelters the roses from winter winds.

As the years went by, cross-paths and by-paths just naturally evolved. The main walk now ends at a white gate that opens into a wild garden. Miss Byington planted this spot with evergreens, white birches, rock maples, and the lovely delicate wood flowers long ago. Adding to the natural charm is a brook, a *real* brook, with little waterfalls and quiet pools, which every gardener in the state will envy.

The story of the Shelburne Hybrid Lily begins when the masterly Scottish horticulturist at the W. Seward Webb estate in Shelburne, Alexander Graham, was walking through his greenhouse garden beds one summer evening. He saw a bloom of Sargent lily and close by a Regal lily that still carried pollen. He couldn't resist making a cross. Then he marked it and forgot about it for a time. A seed pod filled. This was exciting because the Sargent lily seldom sets seed. The seed was sown the following February and the plant flowered seventeen months later—immense lilies on five-foot stems, the next year on eight-foot stems. It was named the Shelburne Hybrid. Since the buds seldom open all at once, and since it is later in blooming than the Regal, it helps glamorously in extending the lily season.

Frederick H. Horsford (1855-1923), a native of Charlotte, worked many years in hybridizing grains, vegetables and lilies, with great success. He was the originator of the Telephone Pea, Horsford's Market Garden Pea, a beardless barley, and the handsome lily, *Lilium Horsfordi*.

Mrs. Mary E. G. Freeborn of Proctor collected a group of the best English, American and French peonies between 1918 and 1926 and then as a diversion began crossing her favorites. Out of fifteen hundred seedlings she selected seven as good enough to propagate. Three of them had good Vermont names—Pico, Killington and Champlain. Mrs. Freeborn's work has attained national prominence. George W. Peyton, director of the American Peony Society, referred to Pico as "the best white I know," in an article on outstanding peonies published in September, 1943. It is a large single white peony, fittingly named for the mountain associated in most minds with winter snows.

Our special flower, the one most affectionately regarded by Vermonters from the first days to the present, is the lilac. It is hard

to believe that it is not a native, for it loves Vermont as though it had never known another home. Driving out on a Sunday in May to see the lilacs is a traditional pilgrimage for Vermonters, regardless of the fact that nearly every family has a lilac bush at home. It's just that we want to see lilacs and LILACS.

Lilacs go well with any kind of house—the white clapboarded type with Palladian windows and lovely fanlights, around our village greens; simple weatherworn frame houses; Doric pillared mansions; stone houses; weathered old brick houses; new post-war houses; and our many serene farm homesteads, where there is an extra lilac for every ell and shed.

A Vermonter who spent the last years of his life in California used to have his daughter drive him through the countryside in the hope of seeing lilacs somewhere. To his great joy he one day saw a bush in bloom beside a ranch house. Nobody was home. *Would they mind his taking a short branch or two? Perhaps three. Good clean cuts with a sharp jackknife and no harm done the bush. Of course they wouldn't care!* But Vermont consciences being what they are, a shower of silver was left behind on the doorstep, anyway.

Some of the oldest and most fragrant and massive plantings are not on Main Street nor the trunk lines. You find them on the hilly back roads where they have survived house and barns and family. There they stand, one on each side of the old cellar hole—a lonesome but imperishably lovely sight, "every leaf a miracle."

The University of Vermont has a beautiful tradition known as Lilac Day. It was instituted in 1922 by Akraia, senior women's honorary society, and carried on by Mortar Board, successor to Akraia, and in more recent years by Staff and Sandal, and other student groups.

It is a memorial to the University's first Dean of Women, Mrs. Pearl Randall Wasson, who had started a planting of lilacs at Redstone before her sudden death in 1922. Since 1923, with the exception of the war years, when the army occupied this campus, the college girls have been adding a lilac bush to the memorial hedge "with ever-returning spring."

Pageants written by the students were a part of Lilac Day for many years. They were presented on the green behind Redstone Hall in a setting of breathtaking beauty—the highest ranges of the Green Mountains as a backdrop. More recently the Modern Dance Recital has been combined with the planting of each new lilac.

Much of the hedge on the campus facing Mansfield had to be moved to the front of the Redstone campus because Southwick and Coolidge Halls were unforeseen developments. Adaptability, however, is one of the many endearing things about lilacs. The steadily lengthening line of them is a thrill to all beholders but especially to those alumnae who cherish the tradition and hope it will never be allowed to die, even when lilacs have completely encircled the Redstone boundaries.

Vermonters also like to ride out to see and smell the apple blossoms. Previous to 1850 an orchard was part of every farm and even of the village garden. In 1851, with the founding of the Vermont Horticultural Society, interest in the business of raising apples was stimulated. Now it is a major industry. Vermont apples are prized for fine color and flavor that is due to soil, even rainfall (the most even of any area in the United States) and to nippy nights of early autumn alternating with warm sunshiny days.

There's a tree on an old hill farm in Windsor County that has a strangely tropical look to eyes accustomed to apple, wild cherry and shad. The trunk is two feet through and the blossoms are white, sweet-scented and saucer-shaped. Yes, it's a magnolia—*Magnolia soulangeana*, an old one. But how did it ever get planted here and how did it ever survive? We know the answer to the first question. A Civil War soldier named Livingston used to work this farm. He was so enchanted with magnolias he saw blooming in the South that he carried home a pocket full of seed pods—from the battle of Mobile Bay!

V

Today, Vermont is full of gardens—gardens with golden anniversaries and gardens that have just come of age and gardens that were made last spring. The garden tradition certainly should keep on building up splendidly. For the most part we are a people of small, one-woman gardens. That is how it was in the past. It probably always will be that way. We are fortunate in that we do not have to depend on the flowers alone for our pictures. With a thousand mountains in the state, there is usually a favorite one as a background, or often a lake or charming stream; and when there is none of these, at least there'll be superb trees. They never fail us.

Our growing season is short and fleeting, but perhaps that is why we cherish our flowers and gardens so much. And we never worry about color clashes, because in the words of our beloved Dorothy Canfield Fisher, "Vermont flowers are never bold, or luscious or

striking, but delicate in line, pure in color, translucent, bathed in the north country sunshine which draws all it touches into a gentle harmony."

Notes

1. Acknowledgement to *Gardens of Colony and State*, compiled by Lockwood, publishers, Scribners.
2. *Ibid.*
3. Bibliography: Crockett's *History of Vermont*, Collins' *History of Vermont*; *Old-Time Gardens* by Alice Morse Earle; *The Story of the Garden* by Eleanor Sinclair Rohde; *Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday*, by Alice Morse Earle; *Sketches of Historic Bennington* by Merrill; *Old Vermont Homes* by Congdon; *Country Byways* by Jewett; *Woman's Home Companion*, April 1910; *The Vermonter*, May 1944; *Gardens of Colony and State*; *Old Roses* by Mrs. Frederick Keays.
4. Permission to quote from books and magazines was given by the following publishers and authors: *Woman's Home Companion*, Betsy Copeland Jacobs, Houghton-Mifflin Company, Mrs. Robert M. Parmelee, Charles Scribner's Sons.





MANUSCRIPTS AS RESOURCES

By ELEANOR S. MURRAY

Curator and General Manager, Fort Ticonderoga Museum

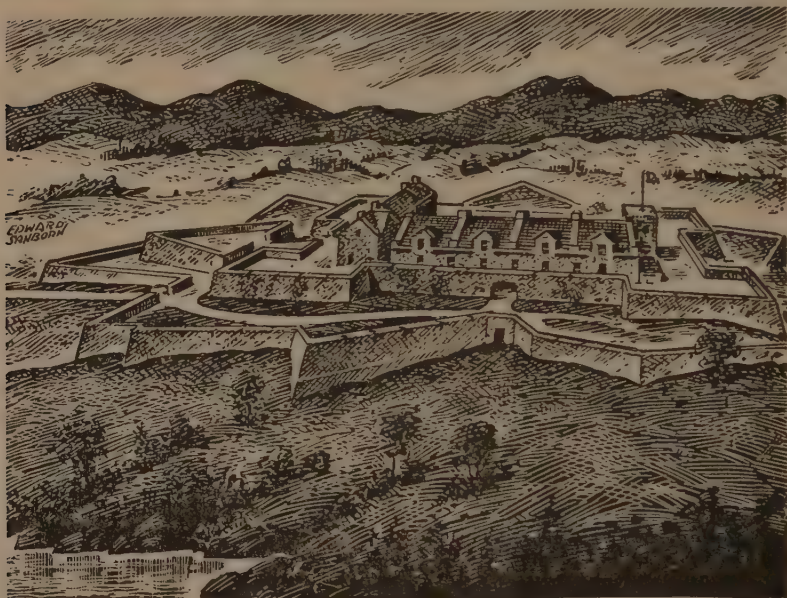
The name, Ticonderoga, holds the echoes of far off, heroic days and famous names now legendary, Montcalm, Lord Howe, Lord Amherst, and Vermont's own Ethan Allen, and the lesser names of lesser men who lived, fought, and died in or near the Fort. The name is, also, the symbol of a dream a boy dreamed and a man made come true. The research that re-created the fortress from its ruins and made it possible for it to stand for many a generation and perhaps forever at the gateway to the North and on the battle routes of long ago is one of the most impressive records in American historical study. "A manuscript is a living thing," Miss Murray states, and we believe she proves her point. Editor.

I HAVE NOT followed exactly the subject upon which Doctor Jones has asked me to speak—*Manuscript and Library Resources of the Champlain Valley*. It occurred to me that I was only qualified to discuss our library at Fort Ticonderoga, and it would be presumptuous and discourteous of me to attempt to tell you of the wonderful collections at the University of Vermont, at the Vermont Historical Society, at Middlebury College, at Plattsburg, and at the New York State Historical Association's Headquarters House at Ticonderoga, and the so many, many others—for the history of our valley on both sides of the lake is so well recorded that we have at our fingertips a wonderful field of opportunity for research. Instead I would like to speak to you on *Manuscripts as Resources*.

I want especially to tell you about my own feelings toward manuscripts and the value they have been to the restoration work at Fort Ticonderoga. When I first went to work at Fort Ticonderoga, I thought it would never be possible for me to straighten out its history; so complex were its battles, its army occupations, its generals, and its armies. I kept thinking, "Now I must learn those backgrounds," but the job was so exciting, so varied, and so moving that the time for such a "lesson" in history never materialized. My spare moments were spent in transcribing the letters, orderly books and journals in our manuscript collection, until one day I surprised myself by taking part in a discussion about an obscure regimental button we had found.

This button belonged to a regiment that I knew had never been at Fort Ticonderoga; and analyzing the situation, I discovered that I had absorbed a tremendous amount of information from my transcription work on the manuscripts. From that moment my respect for manuscripts was born and has never diminished.

One year Mr. Stephen Pell and I thought it would be a unique idea to tell the history of the Fort from contemporary manuscripts, and we found that we were able to tell not only the history—but both



FORT TICONDEROGA TODAY

sides of each battle. The little booklet was printed many years ago and is still the standard history of Fort Ticonderoga.

Woven in the history of Fort Ticonderoga are the little-known details—the intricate little things that make Fort Ticonderoga still a living fortress. These may seem unimportant at a glance, but they make the picture as a whole more complete—more realistic.

We have hundreds of fortification books, the most outstanding being Vauban's illuminated manuscript. Fort Ticonderoga is a Vauban-type star-shaped Fort with bastions and counterscarp. For instance, if you are rebuilding a bastion, the first step is to cut a deep trench on either side of the walls you can see outlined. In this way it is possible to preserve all the memorabilia of the soldiers of the occupation. When the wall outline is readily discernible, the next step is to

make a detailed study of Vauban's book and the drawing of a bastion, because the walls of a fortress are not just walls, but slope gently, and the pressure points of the wall must be carefully studied. So, as far as the authenticity of Fort Ticonderoga's reconstruction is concerned, we have Sebastian Vauban's foresight in recording his engineering for posterity. He was not thinking, of course, that one of his students, Michel Chartier (Marquis de Lotbinière), would build a great fortress in the far off America and that de Lotbinière would follow his, Vauban's design. Nor did he dream that some 200 years later it would be rebuilt by a man—Mr. Stephen Pell, who paid a great tribute to the past of our country. This job of rebuilding required a great deal of research by Mr. Pell before he built even the first wall.

One of the most interesting manuscripts we have is the *Aide Memoir* to the young engineer, de Lotbinière, from the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor and Lieutenant General for the King of France. It is dated September 20, 1755, and instructs young de Lotbinière to proceed from Crown Point and pick out a site for the Fort at Carillon. There are also several manuscripts that tell of the progress of the work; the number of men employed, sometimes as many as three thousand; the changes made from logs to stone; and the redoubts and the outer works constructed.

We have several manuscripts in our collection dealing with Sir William Johnson's expedition to Lake George in 1755, at which time he met the Baron de Dieskau in a bloody battle. Sir William Johnson bore the brunt of the criticism for not having followed up his advantage after routing de Dieskau's forces, but we have a manuscript of a council of war, at which it was decided by the officers present not to continue the campaign that autumn, and so it was not Johnson's decision alone. There is also a broadside issued by Johnson which gives the entire account of the battle.

We have also in our collection a manuscript which shows that wars were conducted differently in those days. Colonel Peter Schuyler of the "Jersey Blues" was captured by General Montcalm at Oswego in 1756 and taken to Montreal and on to Quebec as prisoner, where he was released on parole. The pass on which he traveled was issued by the Marquis de Vaudreuil, who used the same formal fashion indicative of his ranks and powers as in his instructions to the engineer de Lotbinière. The route was mapped out for Colonel Schuyler to proceed by the River Chambly to Carillon (Ticonderoga) to Fort Lydius, and then where he pleased in New England to see about his business, "on the express condition covered by his word of honor, which was given us, to return to Carillon the 10th of the month of

May, next under any condition." Colonel Peter Schuyler arrived in New York on September 19, 1757. He had helped the families of many prisoners of war while he was in Canada, giving large drafts of money, not only to the Jersey men, but to all New Englanders. New York was illuminated in his honor, a salute of thirteen guns was fired, and bonfires kindled at his home. He was the conquering hero, instead of a prisoner of war on parole. He was unable to complete arrangements to be exchanged before his pass expired and he surrendered to the French at Carillon as he had promised. However, General Abercromby after his defeat at Carillon July 8, 1758, arranged for an exchange of prisoners with General Montcalm, and Colonel Schuyler was given the powers to carry out the exchange on General Abercromby's behalf, and he once again returned home. He returned to Carillon again, however, for Colonel Schuyler and his "Jersey Blues" were with General Amherst in the successful siege of Fort Ticonderoga in 1759.

Robert Rogers and his scouting expeditions are well known, but his sentimental letters to his wife are a different key to his character. We at one time had a large collection of his letters to her, but since they were all concerning Detroit and thereabouts they were sold to the Clements Library. In spite of the sentimentalities, he constantly wrote his wife that he was sending money which she never seemed to receive, and since he was never home, her life must have been lonely and difficult.

At one time we printed Robert Rogers' "Instructions to his Rangers" in our *Bulletin*. Long afterward, Lord Louis Mountbatten wrote that he had visited the 1st United States Ranger Battalion training with the Commandos, of which he was commander. He found that the American commanding officer was passing out printed copies of Rogers's original "Instructions to Rangers" which had been copied from our *Bulletin*. Lord Louis, who was an old friend of Fort Ticonderoga, having spent part of his wedding trip at the home of the Pells, was fascinated by the small world. The "Instructions to the Rangers" of 1756 are still applicable.

In the Abercromby campaign of 1758 we have the contemporary French manuscript with a day-by-day account of the campaign, a list of the troops engaged, the exact position of the troops, the construction of the abbatiss and the French lines, and the details of the battle. Of the British, the French wrote "We must do them justice in saying that they attacked us with the most ardent tenacity"—and then "It is not ordinary that Trenches have stood seven hours' attack at a stretch and almost without respite. We owe this victory to the

good manoeuvres of our Generals before and during the action and to the extraordinary unbelievable gallantry of our troops."

On the other, the British side of the same battle, we have the orderly book of Major Monypenny which tells their side of the same battle in great detail. When I first started to trace down the British and Colonial troops which took part in the battle, Major Monypenny's orderly book was invaluable. He listed exactly the regiments that set out from the other end of Lake George and the exact position they occupied in the flotilla. One little obscure bit of information I picked up there fascinated me: Monypenny listed "one officer killed and another severely wounded on the 8th," the day of the great battle. He had previously listed Colonel Glazier and Colonel Woolsey, in the 3rd Brigade of the Right Wing. Woolsey and Glazier do not appear after July 8th, except a brief mention of Glazier on the 13th, but Colonel Partridge and Colonel Nichols both suddenly appear in command, whereas they did not appear before the battle;—thus the value of orderly books is demonstrated.

Incidentally, one of the most interesting pieces of research that I have ever done is that of compiling, from contemporary sources, the lists of regiments that served at Fort Ticonderoga. It was a fascinating subject, and after the piles of voluminous notes had been sorted, all the material fell into shape as a complete list of British, American and Hessian troops. From that record, it gives me great satisfaction to be able to say that I have aided Colonel Harry C. Larter, who has made for us water colors of all those regiments. In addition to the thousands of tourists who see those original water color drawings every year, we have had them reproduced as postcards, so that they, in addition, interest and amaze still further thousands every year in the postcard and uniform collector fields. Don't misunderstand me; I did not do any of the research on the uniforms or their accoutrements. That is where Colonel Larter's love of research comes in—every single little piece of equipment, button, or braid that he shows in those uniform drawings, he has a document to support, and he likes nothing better than to be asked to authenticate a piece of equipment, which he can always do. My list of regiments led me to still further research, for I became interested in the men who served here, and I have started compiling a list of all the men mentioned in those orderly books, journals, letters, etc. I expect that one task will take me at least another ninety years, and will never be complete. I am also happy to add that the list of regiments of the British and Colonial troops has had further honor in that it has been put in a bronze tablet erected by the Society of Colonial Wars in the State of New York. This

bronze plaque appears on a handsome stone monument surmounted by a bronze eagle and was dedicated August 19, 1951, with proper military ceremonies; and tribute was paid to the soldiers of the Colonial Wars by the soldiers of today; and I, in my own way, have contributed to that memorial.

To get back to the Monypenny orderly book—naturally since Major Monypenny was aide to George Augustus, Viscount Howe, we get involved in the eternal controversy over *where* Lord Howe was buried. And here is a good illustration to beware the printed word. The controversy has always interested me. Being a real native of Ticonderoga, my family having settled there in 1797, I should be exceedingly pleased to believe that Lord Howe was buried at Ticonderoga, but I am too much of an historian to ignore the contemporary manuscripts. General Abercromby wrote: "I caused his body to be taken off the field of battle and sent to Albany with a design to have it embalmed and sent home." There are a half dozen letters with that same story. The printed word on the subject differs from burial at Ticonderoga (by Ticonderogians) to burial at Albany by Albanians—or to the English version that he was sent home. The subject will continue to intrigue me until some day it will be settled definitely. There is something to be said against each and all claims. Would not such an important man, a grandson of the King, have a memorial if he were buried in Albany? Would there not be records in his family of his arrival in England were he returned there? And, lastly, would the grandson of the King be hastily buried on the battlefield, his grave supposedly marked by a crudely carved stone, reading "Lord Howe killed at Trout Brook"? Would this Englishman have been buried by his devoted soldiers in French territory? What we now know as Trout Brook was called at that time the Bernetz River by the French and the English had no name for it. There is, however, one more or less conclusive piece of evidence in the account of William Amherst (brother of Lord Amherst), who was present in the campaign of 1759. He notes in his diary on the 28th of July—"Proceeded to Albany and there paid the last sad offices to the remains of my friend Townsend. I attended the corps to the grave and it was laid in the church by Lord Howe."

Regarding the campaign of 1759, when General Amherst successfully laid siege to the great fortress at Ticonderoga, we have a letter from the Rev. Eli Forbush, written from camp at Ticonderoga or Fort Carillon telling of the Fort's capture by the British, in which he noted an invaluable little piece of information about the cross General Montcalm had erected in 1758: "On the 27th I found many

monuments of Superstition which would furnish a curious mind with abundant Matter for speculation—one thing I can't omit, near the Breastwork where so many spilt their blood last year, was a cross erected 30 feet high, painted red, with this inscription in lead on that side next to ye breastwork 'Sone principes eorum Sicut oneb et heb et zebee et. . . . ' and under this at ye foot of ye cross was an open Grave—on ye opposite side of ye cross next to ye Fort was this inscribed in lead viz 'Hoc Signum Vincit.' These are the most remarkable that has fell within my notice since I wrote last." We know from other contemporary sources that Montcalm in his ceremony that was half religious and half military had erected a cross, but that it was thirty feet high and painted red, we did not know. There were posts on either side of the cross with Latin inscriptions inscribed in lead by Montcalm's chaplain and a French inscription placed there by Montcalm himself. A liberal English translation of Montcalm's inscription is "Christian, it is neither Montcalm, his soldiers, nor the great fallen trees that won this battle, but it is God who triumphed on the Cross." The cross expressed the religious sentiments of the gratitude of Montcalm, and the posts erected on either side indicated that the King of France still held the territory. The Latin inscription on the posts translated "You will go no farther, Englishmen, who, being seven against one, have been torn to pieces, conquered and put to flight, July 8, 1758." But the open grave Forbush spoke of—was it of religious significance or could it perhaps have been symbolic—like the grave of the unknown soldier?

In spite of the mention of those so-called "superstitions" by the Rev. Forbush, we still have not found the mysterious open grave nor the "many monuments of superstition" he mentions. Perhaps there were more, and we will find them noted some day in an obscure orderly book.

That the great victory of General Montcalm instilled fear in the hearts of General Amherst's men the following year is extremely probable. We have in our library the diary of Robert Webster of the 4th Connecticut Regiment. As they started down the Lake with General Amherst to try to capture the great fortress of Fort Ticonderoga where some of the same regiments had been almost entirely wiped out the year before, fear was undoubtedly in every batteau. Robert Webster does not note how *he* felt, but shortly before they arrived to attack he noted: "Jonathan Corbin confessed that he was afraid to go to Bogus. Set his name down for a coward." The "Bogus" (Boges) started an investigation; and since they were inevitably bound for Fort Ticonderoga, we had a clue; and it finally ended in

discovering that it meant "rum and molasses" and was army slang for Ticonderoga. That led to still further pieces of information about Fort Ticonderoga via references in other contemporary manuscripts regarding "Bogus." Incidentally, the diary of Robert Webster is without doubt the most undecipherable piece of illiteracy I have ever seen, but it is a mine of information.

All was fairly quiet at Fort Ticonderoga between 1759 and 1775, and we have only a few manuscripts of that period. We know that Fort Ticonderoga was badly in need of repair and had only the minutest British garrison. We have a "Petition," dated August 13th, 1760, and made by Ruth Farmer, a widow. In this petition she pathetically asks the Province of Massachusetts for 40 shillings in payment for a gun of her husband's, lost when he was killed at Ticonderoga in the Abercromby campaign of 1758 when he served in Colonel Bagley's Massachusetts Regiment.

We have a large collection of manuscripts of Philip Skene who was Lieutenant Governor of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, after serving as Major of Brigade in command of the above. He had served in the 1758 and 1759 campaigns. In 1764, he sold his commission and built a manorial estate at Skenesboro (now Whitehall). In the collection is his commission as postmaster dated 1771, the first postmaster north of the Mohawk. He corresponded with Ethan Allen in 1772, and his correspondence with his agent in New York, Thomas Gamble, is very enlightening. He describes in detail the difficulties of operating his great estate in the wilderness and worries about the morals of New York City, and about his son whom he has placed in King's College (now Columbia).

In 1775, we come inevitably to the value of manuscripts in the Ethan Allen attack on Fort Ticonderoga. Never have I heard more contradiction than that which exists over the words Ethan Allen actually uttered when he demanded the surrender of the Fort. He himself wrote that he said, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Several years after his death the claims began to be written that he had said a great deal more. Before that no one had declared that Allen said anything more than he had quoted himself as saying, but, then, the fiery Ethan was alive and there to fight it out. He loved flowery dramatics and would have loved "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress"—note his letter regarding the capture to Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut: "Honorable Sir: I make you a present of a Major, a Captain, and two Lieutenants in the regular Establishment of George the Third" or another to the Massachusetts Council: "Gentlemen: I have to

inform you, with pleasure unfelt before, that on the break of day of the tenth of May, 1775, by the order of the General Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut, I took the Fortress of Ticonderoga by storm." Regarding Allen, there is another interesting point that manuscripts have brought forth: Allen's manuscript sounded as if he had demanded the commander of the Fort to come to the door, and that he actually first talked to Captain Delaplace, the British commander. In about 1929 a manuscript was discovered by Allen French giving the British account written by Lieutenant Feltham, aide to Captain Delaplace, in which he stated that he went first to the door, in order to give the commandant time to dress. However, he did not deny nor add to what Ethan Allen claimed he said in capturing the Fort, and until something more definite reveals itself, I am willing to accept Ethan Allen's own statement, written at a time when all the men who were with him were still alive. Benedict Arnold also claimed the command of that expedition. From study of the manuscripts it is apparent that it was decided that it would be a joint operation, with Ethan Allen actually the commander, since he furnished the men. Arnold did, however, undoubtedly first think of the idea of sending the Fort Ticonderoga cannon cross country to the siege of Boston.

We have a wonderful document in the handwriting of Benedict Arnold, dated at Crown Point, June 15th, 1775 and signed by a number of men. It is called simply "A Declaration of Principles," "subscribed by freeholders, freemen and Inhabitants of the Province of New York Convinced of the necessity of preventing the Anarchy and confusion which attend a Dissolution of the Powers of Government et cet—being greatly alarmed at the avowed Design of the Ministry to raise a Revenue in America; and shocked by the bloody scene now acting in the Massachusetts Bay, Do, in the most solemn manner resolve never to become Slaves; and do Associate under all the ties of Religion, Honor and Love to our Country to adopt and endeavour to carry into Execution whatever measure may be recommended by the Continental congress or resolved upon by our provincial convention for the purpose of preserving our constitution and opposing the execution of the several arbitrary and oppressive acts of the British Parliament. . . ."

We have also in our library a diary kept by the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull which tells the whole complete story of the unfortunate campaign in the Fall of 1775, of the invasion of Canada under General Richard Montgomery, who was killed; and of the fate of Ethan Allen who was captured and held prisoner until May, 1778. Arnold took part in that campaign, commanding part of the American troops, and

Lieutenant John André was among the captured British, who were sent down and held prisoners at Fort Ticonderoga. It is the first link of their names together. The remnants of that expedition did not arrive back at Fort Ticonderoga until the spring of 1776, a sad, bedraggled army. In November, 1775, General George Washington had ordered Colonel Henry Knox to move the heavy artillery from Fort Ticonderoga to Boston in an attempt to drive the British out. Knox managed to do this over the ice and snow, and under the most unbelievable conditions, but that is an interesting story of its own.

When Arnold returned from Quebec in the spring of 1776, the Americans had the first intimation that Sir Guy Carleton intended to invade from the north, and Arnold reasoned that he must be planning to do it by the lake. So in preparation he set out to build a fleet in the vast northern wilderness. For the past several years I have been gathering material for an article on the building of Arnold's fleet on Lake Champlain. It is a pathetic story and one that should be told. He had to ferret out even the nails for the ships from unknown and inaccessible sources. Sawmills had to be built, the lumber felled and planks and timbers cut, the shipyards built; the shipwrights, the blacksmiths, the carpenters and all their tools and supplies brought in from New England and New York. When it came time to man the fleet, the scarcity of sailors or men who knew anything at all about the sea seemed an almost insurmountable obstacle. It was the birth of the American Navy and the Marine Corps and a story of the perseverance and tenacity of the American people. When that story of the building of the fleet is printed in our *Bulletin*, I shall have the satisfaction of paying a further tribute to a most difficult job. Nothing excuses Arnold's later treason, but by building the fleet at Fort Ticonderoga and Skenesborough, he held the British back for a full year and thus gave the Americans time to prepare sufficiently in men, arms and ammunition to be able to defeat the British at Saratoga the following year. We have several manuscripts on the battle of Valcour Island; one presented recently by Kenneth Roberts has a most interesting map of the battle.

We have a letter, a love letter, written from Ticonderoga June 8, 1777, by Alexander Scammell to his fiancée, Miss Abigail Bishop, in which he writes like all soldiers of all wars; "Though I should much rather be able to retire to enjoy the sweets of Liberty and domestick happiness, but more especially the pleasing Charms of your dear company—but as long as my Country demands my utmost Exertions, I must devote myself entirely to its service." He wrote at length of his affection and love for her; of his duties and hardships, and of

one duty in particular which was distasteful to him, "Being ordered upon the disagreeable command of sitting as president of a General Court Martial to try men for their lives, many of which have justly forfeited them, to try several villains who have attempted to spread the smallpox. I assure you that it is a most trying birth and has worried my mind more than any command I was ever upon, but I hope I shall ever be able to discharge my duty in such a manner as never to be subject to any disagreeable reflections." But for the phrasing, it is a letter that could have been written from Korea, or from Europe in either of the last two wars—a letter home, full of homesickness and pathos, and the call of duty.

In regard to the spreading of smallpox which Scammell mentions, he was referring to the first crude vaccinations and the hope of a slight case. This temptation of fate was looked upon as a villainous act. We have a large collection of letters of Doctor Jonathan Potts who was in command of the medical department, and these manuscripts tell the whole story of the unknown quantity, the care of the sick and wounded of the Revolution. I did a lot of research on the medical department once and wrote an article for the *Bulletin* based on it—a dreadfully sad, pathetic story of the "surgeons" trying desperately to get some little supplies for the sick and wounded. More men died of illness and neglect than died from wounds. Nothing was known about cleanliness or decontamination units as the army knows them today.

On August 10th, 1776, Doctor Jonathan Potts wrote to Samuel Adams from Ticonderoga: "The distressing situation of the Sick here is not to be described—without clothing, without bedding or a shelter sufficient to screen them from the weather. I am sure you know humanity will be affected when I tell you that we have at present upwards of a thousand sick, crowded into sheds and laboring under the various and cruel diseases of dysentery, bilious, putrid fever and the effects of confluent smallpox. To attend to this large number we have four surgeons, and four mates, exclusive of myself."

From Wayne's Orderly Book December 3, 1776, "The Commanding Officer of each Regiment or Corps will cause Pitch or tarr to be burned in each room or tent twice a week and the doctors every day in the hospital in order to evaporate the stagnated or putrid air."

On December 4, 1776, Colonel Joseph Wood of the Pennsylvania Regiment wrote from Ticonderoga to Thomas Wharton, Council of Safety, Philadelphia, "For all this army at this place which did consist of 12,000 or 13,000 men, sick and well, no more than 900 pairs of shoes have been sent. One third at least of the poor wretches

is now barefoot, and in this condition obliged to do duty. This is shocking to humanity. It cannot be viewed in any milder light than black murder. The poor creatures is now—what's left alive—laying on cold ground in poor thin tents, and some none at all, and many down with pleurisy—no barracks, no hospitals to go in. If you was here, your heart would melt. I paid a visit to the sick yesterday in a small house called a hospital. The first object presented my eyes one man laying dead at the door, inside two more laying dead, two living lying between them; the living with the dead has laid so for four and twenty hours—at present we have not one pair of shoes, nor blankets, in the store. I went no further; this was too much to see and too much to feel for a heart with the least tincture of humanity.”

There is another letter from Colonel Wood to Robert Morris in Philadelphia, dated at Ticonderoga on December 14 of that dreadful winter. Nothing I know gives a clearer picture. “I must inform you that our two regiments Wayne’s and mine for want of barracks is now laying out in poor worn out tents, we have from ten to fifteen every week that bids farewell to this world. It is shoking to humanity our distress; we have no more privates fit for duty in both regiments than 250 men, and in a month if we are not relieved and go from this damned stink of a place, we shall not have 100—and on my honor, at this time on this ground in all there is not one thousand men that’s fit to turn out if the enemy should attack. . . . I had three men froze to death last night in there tents—and Colonel Wayne 4.”

General St. Clair’s evacuation of Fort Ticonderoga before the British General John Burgoyne in 1777 is one of the most interesting stories ever to come out of the Revolution. General St. Clair was court-martialed for the evacuation, and the record of his court-martial and the testimony of all the witnesses gives a most complete story of an interesting period. The witnesses testified that St. Clair had a large area to defend, few men, no ammunition or provisions. St. Clair had men enough only to man the Fort itself and all the outposts had been abandoned. He had a great decision to make and the decision to evacuate must have been a difficult one, for he knew it meant the ruination of his career and reputation, but actually history proves that he helped contribute to the decisive victory at Saratoga because those very men who evacuated Fort Ticonderoga formed a large part of the American troops at Saratoga. It is interesting to note that the decision to evacuate came early; the preparations were all made, and at the last minute the whole evacuation was given away by one man, General Fermoy, who was not down loading the boats as he should have been, but busily getting out his own possessions after which he

set fire to his house. With this act he lighted up the whole evacuation scene and showed the British that they could move right in.

General Burgoyne's great mistake was in his control of his Indians. We have in our library a recent acquisition—a proclamation which General Burgoyne prepared and read to his Indians, asking them not to take the scalps from Americans, particularly living ones. If he had had better control of his Indians, the murder of Jane McCrea, which so incensed the countryside, would never have taken place and the enlistments in the American Army would not have been so heavy—thus further insuring Burgoyne's defeat at Saratoga.

As far as Fort Ticonderoga is concerned, I could go on and on with the little-known facts that make history more than just dates and battles and campaigns. They make it a challenge. Dates, battles, and campaigns are history books, and a manuscript is a living thing, a museum of the thoughts and ideas of the men who wrote them. It tells more than a painting, which was often distorted by the ideas of the man who painted it. We have, for instance, a half dozen paintings of Fort Ticonderoga, all of the same period, and no two alike. I suppose the artist mentally knocked out a wall here or there to balance his painting, but the written word of the same period identifies this wall as standing or that one as fallen.

I often wonder what would be the thoughts of those men who wrote those manuscripts on scraps of paper. I am sure they would have found it hard to believe that their manuscripts are now preserved with the greatest care; were probably purchased for more money than they earned in their entire army service; have been microfilmed with a mysterious machine, and are read by light from magic wires; studied by students; photographed; and reproduced in books. A picture could tell the same story, but the average tourist exclaims of old paintings, "Do you suppose it *really* looked like that?" The written word of our past is more powerful and more awe inspiring. This is not belittling paintings, for they too play a powerful part in our history, but they play their part in a different way.

Contemporary maps are another most misleading research source. Space was important in drafting a map and abbreviations change a word like fortifications to "f-o-r-t," period. A redoubt at Fort Ticonderoga which on the maps looks absolutely next to the French lines actually shows its outlines today a half mile away. In the dense forest of those years, however, we can not really expect a map to be absolutely accurate.

There is nothing so dangerous as putting your own interpretation on a document. Accept the facts, but do not presume to read the mind

of the man who wrote the document two hundred or more years ago. This sounds like ambiguous advice, but the more research you do, the more you are tempted to interpret the thoughts of the original writer of the document. Above all, beware the printed word; do your own research, for there are tons of original documents just waiting for someone to study them. Absolutely refuse to believe the printed word—even your own, unless you have seen the original document or a photostat of it.

In that connection you will find very few libraries willing to let you study the original manuscript unless under very close supervision—microfilms, typewritten copies, et cet., should be acceptable to you. In our case, fortunately most of our manuscripts are so mounted that in each individual mounting binder, the typed transcription comes first, then the original document. If in French, we have the French, and then the English translation, and we hopefully put each manuscript in the back because it is surprising the number of people who put moist hands, pencils or fingernails, directly on a manuscript.

There are many historical novels whose authors have done hundreds of hours of research and whose books do not distort historical fact. Kenneth Roberts is outstanding in this field. He has a source material for every single piece of data he even mentions. In writing one of his books, he sent the proof concerning Fort Ticonderoga to us to verify. Mr. Stephen Pell, Mr. King, and I all read it and missed one little minor detail of a light at Fort Ticonderoga being visible up the lake when actually that was not possible on account of the curves in the lake. That little error upset him greatly, but he tells too good a story, and we were all too absorbed in it.

Carl Van Doren was another fact writer of fiction. He spent months of research writing to every library to trace down one little bit of information about a “*feu de joi*”—a company firing a salute of victory—was it right to left or left to right. I finally ran it down for him in our library.

That kind of a writer of fiction is writing not only a vastly interesting story, one that will bring him fame and perhaps fortune, but he is making a great contribution to the history of our country.

On the other hand, some little writer of a supposedly “fact” publication can do irreparable damage by twisting facts to suit what he is writing about. You can change the whole character of a man by the slightest swerve in your interpretation of your research. You can change the history of our country, our state, and our valley by distorting facts or twisting them to suit your own purpose or your own ideas.

I know of several cases where that very thing is being done glibly and openly, and I wonder why the real historians do not start a campaign against fraudulent misrepresentations of our history? I wonder at people who accept writings because they are written. Any one of us here could write and print a monograph that fifty years from now would be absolute source material because it was printed, and originally it might have been based on nothing more than your imagination.

There is nothing quite so interesting as *real* research. Something in your reading interests you, and you spend the rest of your life like a detective running down clues and leads everywhere. It is the most absorbing hobby I can think of, and at the same time you are making a real contribution to history. I know of a Marine, a Commodore McCandless, who became interested in flags and many years ago wrote that wonderful flag article in the *National Geographic*. He spent years and years delving into libraries and manuscript collections, and when he retired he went happily to California with eight tons of data. Incidentally, he must have been enormously gratified because that flag article in the *Geographic* brought forth 55,000 letters.

We have every opportunity in this valley to do a job of research. Here we have the battleground of France, of England, of the United States, the history of the early settlers, the distribution of the land grants, et cet. Why did these settlers come and what made them stay to try to conquer the wilderness? We had presented to our Museum this summer by Mrs. Julian Street, a chair that belonged to William Gilliland, of whom her husband was a lineal descendant. In preparing the card for the chair for the Museum exhibition, I wanted some historical facts about his interesting life. I found very little, but what facts I could find were vastly interesting. He was one of the most colorful characters of our valley, and there must be much original material about him.

If you do research, do a complete and thorough job of it. Do not just file it away for future generations to decide to throw in the wastebasket. Get it printed. Above all, list your source material in a bibliography. The satisfaction of seeing your name on the article is remuneration enough. Perhaps I should say that it is wise not to have dreams of becoming another Kenneth Roberts or Carl Van Doren. Do the research for your own satisfaction, and there are plenty of organizations that print bulletins of historical fact that would be glad to have it, to put on record for future generations. We, at Fort Ticonderoga, are always glad to consider any authentic article.

When you follow down all your clues, the puzzle will begin to fall

into place, and your interest and satisfaction will be limitless and the words of Patrick Henry will echo in your ears—"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past."

[THIS PAPER WAS READ AT THE SIXTH CONFERENCE OF THE CHAMPLAIN HISTORIANS, INCLUDING THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, AT BASIN HARBOR, VERMONT, AUGUST 16, 1951. MISS MURRAY WAS ONE OF THE SPEAKERS REPRESENTING THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.]





LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF DANTE: TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

By SAMUEL N. BOGORAD

Assistant Professor of English, University of Vermont

Two hitherto unpublished letters, one by Charles Sumner and the other by Henry W. Longfellow, have recently been discovered among the papers of George Perkins Marsh¹ in the Wilbur Library of The University of Vermont.

The letters are self-explanatory and require no comment, except, perhaps, the reminder that Sumner, the abolitionist senator from Massachusetts, was a lifelong friend of Longfellow. The Dante Festival, referred to in both letters, was held in Florence, Italy, May 14-16, 1865.

I Charles Sumner to George P. Marsh

Senate Chamber

28th Feb. '65

Dear Mr. Marsh,

I send in our despatch bag to you[r] address a copy of Longfellow's translation of the Divina Commedia so far as it has been printed; being the first volume, which he wishes you to offer in his name to the celebration of the six hundredth anniversary of the birth of Dante. I feel sure that you will have pleasure in giving this volume, which in printing and binding, is American, its proper destination.

I ought to write more, & on other things. But time fails me.

Believe me, dear Mr. Marsh,

Ever sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner

II Henry W. Longfellow to George P. Marsh

Cambridge April 8
1865

My Dear Sir,

Our friend Sumner has forwarded to you a copy of my translation of the *Inferno*, to be presented at the Dante Festival, among the American offerings. Though the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso* are both translated, it was impossible to get them printed in season; and even the volume sent has not received the final corrections, but partakes somewhat of the nature of proof-sheets. If therefore in running your eyes over it anything strikes you as wrong, be kind enough to imagine, that it is precisely that which I am going to correct before publishing.

Be kind enough to forward the volume to the Literary Committee, or any other, and you will greatly oblige me.

I ought perhaps to apologize for troubling you in this matter; but I know that you will take so much interest in the Festival as to make this trouble a pleasant one.

With my compliments and regards to Mrs. Marsh, I remain,
Dear Sir,

Yours truly

Henry W. Longfellow

Hon. G. P. Marsh

¹ George Perkins Marsh (1801-1882), scholar, statesman, and diplomat, was the first American minister to Italy; he held the post from 1860, when he was appointed by President Lincoln, until his death in 1882. For further information on Marsh, especially for details of his birth and early career in Vermont, see *Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh*, compiled by Caroline Crane Marsh (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1888).



A VERMONT SKETCHBOOK

I. MICHIGAN, VERMONT—GHOST VILLAGE *by* MURIEL HYZER

All the ghost towns are not in the West in the deserted gold fields. We have our share right here in Vermont. Michigan, Vermont, now all but forgotten, is a ghost village right in our midst. It is located five miles outside of Pittsfield and about twenty miles from Rutland.

There are two roads leading out of Pittsfield into Michigan in the town of Chittenden, with a sizable river between, known as Michigan Brook.

More than fifty years ago Michigan boasted twelve houses, a general store, and a large lumber mill. There is no one living there now; old ruins and cellar holes are the sole reminders of former activity.

It was the scene of river drives; the huge logs were driven down Michigan Brook, much wider and deeper then than it is now, to the Tweed River, thence to the White River and on to Bellows Falls. The first lumbering was done by Dr. Chas. H. Brigham of Pittsfield, later by the Chaffee Bros. of Rutland.

The lumberjacks who lived in Michigan were a tough and rugged lot; they had to be, for logging is a tough, rugged business. But for all their toughness, they were warm-hearted. At any time when they learned of a case of need or trouble in the village, they were ready to lend a helping hand.

Later, when the Bayonne lumber mill was erected at Pierville, two miles below Michigan, a single track railroad was laid, over which the lumber was transported. The logs were still bobbed or driven two miles downstream to the railroad. The railroad ran from Pierville along the river through Pittsfield and up to meet the "P" Vine railroad at Stockbridge. When the Bayonne mill closed down for lack of funds, the railroad was abandoned.

The name "Bayonne" is derived from Bayonne, N. J. Several wealthy men from that city visited Vermont, became interested in what they saw, and the result was their venture in Vermont lumbering. The Bayonne Company built the railroad. Later the company failed.

Although the Michigan lumbering enterprise was not immediately touched by the discontinuance of the railroad, the iron mining in Michigan—never much of an enterprise at best as a result of the

sparsity of the ore itself—was decisively ended. As the lumber, too, became scarce, the lumbermen became discouraged and moved on. When the 1927 flood hit this section, it all ~~but~~ changed the course of Michigan Brook. It made it too narrow and shallow in spots for log driving, and washed the dams and bridges out, both very necessary adjuncts to logging in those days. It took this flood to end logging in Michigan, and slowly the little village was abandoned.

There is still some logging done in Michigan today, but getting the logs out at the present time is a simple matter with bulldozers, tractors, and the huge lumber trucks; and with every workman owning a car, there is no need for families to hew a village out of the woods.

As for the name, "Michigan," there seems to be neither tradition nor record to show why the little settlement was named for the far off state of Michigan.

2. GILBERT HART, THE MAN AND HIS LIBRARY *by* VIOLA L. HUTCHINSON

Wallingford is a typical Vermont village. Its green-shuttered white houses rest comfortably on wide lawns, patterned by the shadows of tall trees. There are the usual churches, two grocery stores, an antique shop or two, and a hospitable colonial-styled inn, standing where the first Wallingford House was erected in 1824. But the attention of the tourist passing through the town on Route 7 is likely to be arrested by one feature, remarkable in a community of less than 1600 population: The Gilbert Hart Library, an imposing brick and rough marble building standing at the main intersection. Even in New England, where a library is traditional equipment, it is noteworthy to find one so impressively housed. Back of the Gilbert Hart Library lies a story: the story of a sparsely-schooled Vermont farm boy, who left home and made a fortune which he later shared with the people of his native village to provide for them opportunities denied him in his youth.

About one and a half miles south of Wallingford a road leading east from Route 7 crosses Otter Creek and climbs the south slope of Green Hill toward White Rocks. The road and the section it traverses are named Hartsboro for the ancestors of Gilbert Hart who came to Wallingford before 1800. Gilbert was born, August 11, 1828, in the farmhouse still standing on the north side of Hartsboro Road, about three-quarters of a mile east of Route 7. Except that poles to carry power and telephone lines are visible through the trees and that the road has been widened a bit, Hartsboro has changed little in a century

and a half. Gilbert Hart's homestead has electric lighting, but is otherwise unencumbered by "modern conveniences."

Amassa Hart, Gilbert's grandfather, born in Wallingford, Connecticut, in 1751, with his brother Jesse, came to Vermont from their birthplace about 1799, and, wisely (as it seemed to them at the time) selected high land for their home sites. In those days, the now fertile lowlands bordering Otter Creek were heavily forested and often inundated by flood waters and, according to popular notion, were a breeding place for "the malaria." The land they chose, moreover, sloping along the south side of Green Hill, was watered by a lively brook, which promised another source of income. Vestiges of a saw-mill operated until after the Civil War by the Hart family can still be seen about one-half mile from the point where the brook empties into Otter Creek.

Amassa and his wife, Abigail, brought with them two children, Irad and Abigail, born respectively in 1794 and 1798. In the next dozen years eight more children were added to the flock. The dynasty seemed well established, and, for a while, despite grueling work to clear rocks from the fields, the family prospered.

November 11, 1822, Irad Hart, Amassa's eldest son, bought of Thomas Hulett some 60 acres on the north side of Hartsboro Road where he built the house in which his son, Gilbert, was born six years later. The house has been altered only superficially in 130 years, so that on the frequent pilgrimages Mr. Hart made to his birthplace after he had left Vermont, he could sit in the little room where he was born, looking down the road he had trudged to school and across the Otter Creek Valley, as it sweeps into the shadow of Dorset Mountain; and from that room he could reconstruct the days of his rugged childhood.

Gilbert's father, in poor health for several years, died when the lad was only fifteen, leaving him, equipped with little but a capacity for hard work, to shoulder responsibility for the family. A generation of persistent tilling had depleted the shallow soil of the hill farm, and the family's fortunes had reached the point of destitution. So desperate was their situation that they were denied credit at the village store, even to replace the rock-bitten garden tools needed to raise food for the table.

By 1856 Gilbert had disposed of his share of the property and had moved to East Dorset. Five years later the country was at war.

Vermont sent more than 34,000 men into the Union Armies, of whom less than ten per cent were officers; but among those officers was one Captain Gilbert Hart, elected to his post, according to current

custom, by the men of Company H, the last of the volunteers to be incorporated into the Second U.S. Sharpshooters. Mustered in at Brattleboro, December 24, 1861, Hart served with the Army of the Potomac through the campaigns of 1862, but early the following year was forced to accept honorable discharge because of his health.

Back in Dorset, he struggled for two years against the declining economy of his home state, and then, at the suggestion of a friend, set out for Detroit to investigate the heralded opportunities that were luring young men from the farms and small industries of the East.

He found work at first with a slate roofing concern, and then, about 1872, had risen to the position of foreman in a concern that made artificial stone sills. The sills were made by a combination of silicate of soda, clay and sand, chemically treated and baked. The result was an approximation of sandstone. One day, Hart conceived the idea that the same process could be applied to making a grinding wheel. A friend of his, foreman in an iron safe factory, gave him a chance to test his invention against a Northampton Wheel, at that time the most practicable abrasive instrument. Hart's wheel gave such a spectacular demonstration that he was encouraged to continue his experiment, but not without set-backs. He set up a laboratory in the summer kitchen of his home and barely escaped disaster when the stove, in which he was baking the wheels, exploded and shattered the kitchen. However, before the year was out, Hart was ready to go into production. With almost no capital he organized the Hart Emery Wheel Company and before long the infant enterprise had received its first "large" order: for twelve wheels, at \$14.05 apiece, from the Detroit Stove Works. Three years later there was issued the first of a long list of patents in Gilbert's Hart's name for a *Mold for Forming Artificial Grindstones*.

A fatal accident to the son of a friend, caused by a bursting wheel, set Hart on the search for a method of reinforcing his wheels. The patent issued to him in 1878 for *Reinforced Wheels* marked the beginning of a long program of safety measures for the product which Mr. Hart himself characterized as "dangerous to human life." From 1878 to 1910 seven more patents issued in Hart's name covered improvements and variations in the manufacture of a tool essential to a vast industry.

By 1889, the Hart Emery Wheel Company was the largest manufactory of its kind in the country, and the only one west of Pennsylvania, using as much as 300 tons of emery a year. In 1903, with Gilbert Hart remaining as president, the company was reorganized as the Detroit Emery Wheel Company; and, in 1919, seven years

after Gilbert Hart's death, it became the Detroit Star Grinding Wheel Company. An affiliate of the Hart enterprise, Canadian-Hart Wheels, Ltd., was founded in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1883. Moving to Galt, Ontario, in 1923, and renamed the Canadian-Hart Grinding Wheels Company, it continued in operation until 1941.

Gilbert Hart's prevailing interest in young people and the encouragement of his example led a number of young Vermonters to follow his trail. One of these, George Vance, born in Wallingford, 1864, worked for Hart for several years and finally became superintendent of the Silicate Department of the Safety Emery Wheel Company.

Another Hart protégé, his nephew, Frank Whelden, born in Proctorsville in 1868, worked for a while in the large retail hardware store, C. A. Strelinger Co., which Mr. Hart had helped to found in 1884. Subsequently, Whelden went to the Detroit Emery Wheel Company, eventually to replace his uncle as president.

In a beautiful brownstone house, with lawn stretching to the Detroit River, Gilbert Hart with his wife, the former Calista Giddings, of Cavendish, Vermont, and their only child, Frederick, lived comfortably, but not ostentatiously. Hart's ability, leadership, and interest in people led naturally to a broadening of his interests in his adopted city. He was an organizer and for many years president of the Central Savings Bank, director of the Exchange National Bank and a board member of Harper Hospital and the State Industrial Home for Girls, at Adrian, Michigan.

But Gilbert Hart, his position in Detroit secure, still remembered his old home and wanted to do something substantial for the village which in some way, perhaps not definable, had helped to mold his character. Antedating by several years the world-famous epidemic of Carnegie Libraries, Hart decided that a building and an organization to run it were what Wallingford needed to make effective the informal circulation of books which had been carried on by volunteers for 100 years. Land in the center of town was available, and Hart offered to purchase it, erect and equip a building on the site, provided the community would organize an association to administer the library's affairs.

The Gilbert Hart Library Association was incorporated March 25, 1893. The building was constructed during the following year, and by July 16, 1894 the town, decked out in flags and bunting, overflowing with an estimated 800 visitors, turned out for the gala presentation ceremonies. Mr. and Mrs. Hart and their nineteen-year-old son were honored guests, not only at the dedication ceremonies, but at a large reception in the evening at Town House.

A parade, with music furnished by the Pollard Drum Corps of Rutland, opened the ceremonies; and following addresses by the former school principal, Elmer Howard, and by the first president of the Library Association, W. C. Mason, Gilbert Hart rose to make a characteristically simple dedicatory speech:

I have built this Library because I could think of nothing better to do for you. . . . I want to come here often, and when I do, I want to see the threshold and the covers of the books worn. . . . If you outgrow the building, I pledge myself to make it larger.

Neither Mr. Hart nor his audience could have foreseen the effect on the public's reading habits of the coming media for mass diversion, the movies, radio and television, to say nothing of the automobile, which were to revolutionize America's leisure habits. Nor could they have guessed that in a generation the town's population would have decreased a tenth. But, in spite of handicaps, the Library did grow and by 1910, two years before his death, Mr. Hart returned to preside at the dedication of the addition which he had donated and designed as a children's room. This time Gilbert Hart was alone; his son had died in 1904 and his wife three years later.

Starting with a catalogue of 1,000 books, included in the original gift, and augmented by donations and the occasional purchases made possible from appropriated funds, the Library now has more than 9,000 volumes and a fair representation of periodicals.

May 24, 1912, less than three months before his eighty-fourth birthday, Gilbert Hart died in his riverside home in Detroit "from the infirmities of old age," as noted in the local press. Left behind were his son's wife and their child, Frederick P. Hart, then eight years old.

A library in Wallingford, a street, Hart Avenue in Detroit, named for him, a huge industry largely indebted to his inventions, are among the tangible records of the life of this one-time Vermont farm boy—a life of hard work, purpose, generosity, and devotion to his country and his fellows, a life that embodies the spirit of the national ideal of equal opportunity for all and a better life for everybody.

3. VERMONT BAPTISTS THROUGH THE YEARS *by* LEON S. GAY
[*A paper read before the Vermont Baptist State Convention on Nov. 18, 1951.*]

One hundred years ago today, the Vermont Baptist State Convention was incorporated by Act of the Legislature of the State of Vermont as a "Body Politic and Board of Trust" with Joseph D.

Farnsworth authorized to call the first meeting. The "Board of Trust" was authorized to "receive, hold and alienate real and personal property to an amount not exceeding \$10,000.00 in trust for the use of the Convention, to be appropriated for the benefit of Domestic and Foreign Missions."

Actually the Convention was organized in "Montpelier Village" on October 14, 1825—the same year as Rhode Island; and only Massachusetts (1802), New York (1807), South Carolina (1820), Georgia (1822), Alabama, Connecticut, and Virginia (1823) preceded Vermont, which makes our state the fourth in age in the American Baptist Convention.

But the actual incorporation by Act of the Assembly is not so important historically as the facts leading up to this event. The only true way to relive the story of our Convention is to go back to the "grass roots" and find out why the Baptists wanted a Convention and how they brought it about. I propose in this address to give my impressions of significant high lights which led to its formation and the carrying out of its purposes through the succeeding years.

The first church organized in Vermont was the First Congregational Church in Bennington, which came into being in 1762. Some of the new settlers coming in had Baptist leanings, and to promote their own kind of religion, moved their worship to South Shaftsbury and to Pownal.

Probably Samuel Richardson, the largest landholder in this area, had something to do with this division. He was an ardent Congregationalist and a land trader. Whenever a stranger asked to buy land of him, he would tactfully find out the religious feelings of his customer. If he was a Baptist, then the lands of Shaftsbury and Pownal were the lands of promise; if he was an Episcopalian, then Arlington was recommended; but if he was a Congregationalist, then Bennington was a Garden of Eden. With the strong denominational feelings of those days, this division was undoubtedly a wise one.

The first Baptist church in Vermont was organized in Shaftsbury in 1768, and was followed two years later by one in Pownal, but the church in Wallingford is the oldest Baptist Church in the state to be in continuous service, having served since 1780.

During these early years the struggling churches were beset with doctrinal problems and sorely torn asunder by the struggle between the Tories and the Federalists as evidenced in the land grants controversy between New Hampshire and New York. So we see in the early history of these churches many withdrawals to form other church groups. At one time Shaftsbury had *four* Baptist Churches!

Except for the brief period when the Pownal church was functioning, the Shaftsbury church was alone for twelve years in Vermont. But across the line in New York, were the Stillwater and White Creek churches as well as one in Cheshire, Massachusetts.

Isolated in the wilderness as they were, and in spite of political difficulties, there was a natural bond of friendship between them which resulted in an Association being formed in 1780 which took the name "Shaftsbury Association." By 1797, the Association had forty-eight churches with 3500 members from seventeen counties in three states and five churches in upper Canada. In passing, it is interesting to note that the daughter of Elder Powers, pastor of the Stillwater church and moderator of the Association in 1797 later became the wife of President Millard Fillmore.

These early Baptist churches, even as ours today, were very jealous of their rights as individual churches, and in cautiously entering into an Association together did so with definite ideas of the limitations of such an organization. To quote in part from the minutes of the 1791 meeting: "By an Association we mean no more than a number of churches in sister relation agreeing to meet by their delegates at stated seasons for *free* conference on those matters that concern the general good of the churches.—Any church has a right to propose any question that relates to doctrine and discipline provided that such questions are always so circumstanced that the solution of them will not interfere with the *government* of particular churches.—It is the *church only* and not an association of churches or of ministers that is authorized to execute church discipline.—Decisive Councils immediately militate against real fellowship and Gospel union in the churches; but Councils for advice only in difficult cases are useful. In this way churches and brethren may gain light, and all their difficulties be happily settled."

This is still good Baptist doctrine and worthy of study by our state and national leaders.

Some of the early minutes dealing with current questions are enlightening from a historical point of view. Matters which were very controversial were—"Can a Baptist be a Free Mason and continue in Baptist fellowship?" The answer was a qualified "No." "Should a church petition the civil powers to incorporate themselves into a religious society?" Answer: "Only for the purpose of holding property." "Should a member be required to be a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks?" Answer was "Yes" by a majority of two votes only. "Is it agreeable to Scriptures for Christian brethren to take active part in making and executing human laws?" (This was probably

proposed because Elder Aaron Leland of the Woodstock Association was Lieutenant Governor of Vermont). Answer: "Yes, if he is not an ordained minister, Prov. 19:2—"When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice, but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn'."

In the beginnings of the various Vermont Associations, there was little attention paid to missionary work. The large churches gave a great deal of thought to the smaller ones and looked after a supply for pastorless groups, but this work did not go beyond their own borders. But with the organization of the Woodstock Association in 1783 we see a new note in the recorded minutes. In the 1791 record we read: "Whereas we find a number of our brethren in the ministry disposed to journey to the northward to preach the Gospel in a great number of infant settlements up the Connecticut River and being desirous to encourage so laudable a design, we recommend them as faithful Ministers of Christ—and as the journey will be very expensive, we recommend to the churches to raise something by way of contribution to defray the charges of said Ministers in their journey."

Dr. T. H. Archibald, the eminent Vermont Baptist historian, says: "This is the earliest record of which we have found any trace of missionary effort beyond their own bounds by any body of Baptists in this country, although there was no special organization separate from the Association itself for the promotion of this object."

We read in the minutes of 1792 that five ministers made tours to these regions and found the people very destitute but eager for them to return. This volunteer mission work was continued year after year until, in 1806, a Home Missionary Society was started. One of the Elders reported that he "tried to preach forty-five times, passed through fifty-eight towns, rode 540 miles in two months." He received \$5.00 a week for his time and expenses from the Association.

In 1814, the General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Convention in the United States for Foreign Missions was formed. At the session of the Woodstock Association that same year, Luther Rice of Baptist Missionary fame was present and aroused great enthusiasm for missionary work. Under the leadership of Elders Kendrick, Going, and Manning, the Association formed a Vermont Foreign Missionary Society. In 1816, \$826.51 was raised and in 1818, \$300. In 1818, the receipts from all the Baptists in the country were \$8,076.51, Massachusetts paying \$676.61, and Connecticut \$316.51. This means that the Woodstock group was at the very top in proportional giving for Missions and one of the earliest groups to do so.

An interesting side light on Elder Going which I found in the records of the First Baptist Meeting House of Providence, R.I., and in the Cavendish church records, is the fact that Jonathan Going, a native of Reading, Vermont, and the first Vermont graduate from Brown University, was commissioned by the First Baptist Meeting House as a "missionary to the Indians and other heathern in Vermont." He came to Cavendish not because we were more "heathern" than the rest of the state, but because my church was able to pay him "\$100.00 a year and keep for self and horse."

In the same year, the Woodstock Association had another "first" when a "Charitable Education Society" was formed to help educate the "minds of pious youth who are called to the Gospel ministry." This work was generously supported both by the men and the "Female Mite Societies." Both the Missionary and Educational Societies were active in the Association until the Vermont and New Hampshire Baptist State Conventions were formed, and then they were merged with the Conventions.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on the Baptist work in Vermont prior to the forming of our Convention in order to show why this was formed. The answer is clear—it came into being because the Baptists were convinced that they needed close co-operation in evangelistic and missionary operations; therefore, members of the Fairfield, Woodstock, Barre, Danville and Leyden Associations met to debate thoroughly the subject. Surprisingly, Lieutenant Governor Aaron Leland was vigorously opposed. The records say: "With the most determined energy he fought the proposed formation of the State Convention, fearing that it would jeopardize the independence of the churches." But when the vote was taken to organize and passed with a large majority, he said: "And now I suppose you think you have got rid of the troublesome old man, but if so, you are mistaken. I can never be separated from my brethren and if you are determined to launch this ship, I shall jump aboard and ride,—but if you do attempt to interfere with the independence of the churches you will hear my voice in protest."

He did far more than "ride," for at the first meeting of the Convention in Brandon he was elected vice president, while Ex-Congressman Butler was president. Although religious feelings ran high in those days, these pioneer Baptists were willing to give and take because they loved each other and felt that the glory of God was more important than their private pet opinions. Would that we had more of that feeling today in our Baptist gatherings!

The next year, 1826, the Shaftsbury Association came into the Convention, making 100 percent representation.

The first year, the new Convention appropriated \$75.00 to state work and \$100 to the General Convention of the United States, showing the great zeal for missionary work beyond state lines. Cash being scarce, goods and articles which could be sold were 50 percent of the offerings for many years.

Membership in the Convention was open to Associations which contributed funds; if the gift was over \$50, they could have two delegates. An individual giving \$5 annually was a member for life, and anyone giving \$50 or over was a trustee for life. Churches as such were not entitled to delegates as they were not recognized as missionary organizations. Over the years this concept changed, and the Convention gradually came to recognize the pastors and churches as the sole basis for membership.

A legacy of \$750 given in 1843 started the Permanent Funds and led in 1851 to incorporation by Act of the General Assembly authorizing the holding of funds "not to exceed \$10,000." In 1878, this sum was changed to \$100,000, and in 1900 all limits were removed.

In the years following the forming of the Convention, there was steady growth, but about the time of the incorporation, twenty-nine churches became extinct. The causes for this were "Millerism," Murrayism, (both religious fads), "Anti-Slavery," and a prejudice against educated ministers.

During the Civil War period all Vermont was hard hit. Ten out of every 100 men went to war, and 160 men were lost out of each thousand serving as soldiers—the greatest ratio of any northern state. These losses had a tremendous effect on Baptist work and brought the Convention to the breaking point financially. But always when the future looked dim, the Hand of God showed His Divine Presence by spiritual awakening, and this in turn brought new financial support.

At the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Convention held in St. Albans in 1874, Rev. Hibbard reported that in this period 100 churches had been aided, \$94,000 raised for state work, \$57,000 for Foreign Missions, and 21,771 received into the churches by baptism. A high light was the fact that thousands of Baptists having migrated to the central and far West had carried Vermont Baptist convictions with them and founded new churches, which through the years have become the heart and core of our American Baptist Convention.

Through the early years there was a prejudice against educated ministers, as college and seminary training was thought to unfit a pastor for work with common people. Quite early educational societies were formed, but they received meagre support. In 1852, the New Hampton Institute was moved from New Hampshire to Fairfax,

Vermont, and this gave impulse for educated pastors. This institution lasted twenty years and then faded away as a Baptist school.

Both the Associations and the Convention were interested in Baptist Academies for their young folks, and we see through the years the founding of Burr Seminary at Manchester, the Vermont Literary and Scientific Institute at Brandon, Leland and Gray Seminary at Townshend, Black River Academy at Ludlow, Derby Literary and Theological Institute at Derby Center, all of which lost their identity as Baptist schools soon after the founding of Vermont Academy at Saxtons River in 1871. This school, after fifty years of Baptist leadership, came to the edge of bankruptcy and was forced to close for several years. It was later revived under new leadership, and today is one of the leading preparatory schools of New England—a school with a fine religious background but no longer a Baptist institution.

The Free Will Baptist organization in our state is worthy of note. Starting with the first church in Strafford in 1793, it grew to 49 churches having 2445 members and six Associations or "Quarterly Meetings" as they were called. They stood apart from the regular Baptists because of their sincere belief in open Communion as opposed to closed Communion.

I have a feeling of affection for this group as my father was always a member of the Tunbridge Free Will Baptist Church, and some of my earliest recollections are the stories he told about the Quarterly Meetings, which he never failed to attend. I am not sure that I would have enjoyed the meetings, for I noted in the minutes of the Strafford Association meeting held at Vershire in 1802 that "John Buzzell preached two and three-quarters hours. His text was 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'" The last part of the discourse consisted of four distinct addresses made to "ministers, Christians, backsliders, and sinners. Those of each class arose and stood while the address was being made to them. There were 1500 in the audience."

With the change in the character of the Vermont population and the large emigration to the West, their numbers became very small. By 1910 the Free Will and Regular Baptists had come closer and closer together in their thinking and finally merged into one united denomination, a very practical solution of 125 years of theological disputes which I heartily recommend to our Baptist churches all over the nation today.

While the Convention has always been missionary minded, it was not until 1886 that a full-time state missionary was employed. I have been impressed in reading some of the statements of the first

appointee, Mr. MacGeorge. He said: "It is a useless task to present the needs of the Convention to a weak and spiritless church. Preach the Living Gospel in a living way and the financial needs will be furnished." And again he said: "Better for a weak church to clasp hands with another weak church and try to support a strong pastor than for a weak church to try to support a weak man."

Starting the twentieth century, our Convention began a great period of growth. Dr. W. A. Davison was hired as evangelist at \$50 a month. He soon became Superintendent of Missions and State Secretary. During the years that followed, he greatly increased the permanent funds of the Convention, and through his contacts with the Northern Baptist Convention secured close co-operation with the various National Agencies. In 1912, Vice President Henry Bond became our National President, and Vermont influence in our Northern Baptist Convention was at an all-time high.

In those days the allotments to State Conventions were made in response to pleas by the various state secretaries before the finance committee, and many times the best pleader came out ahead. Fortunately, money is not allotted that way any more, but while this plan was in effect, Dr. Davison saw to it that Vermont received her share. This, combined with the prosperous "Coolidge years," caused our permanent funds to attain a new high level. But during this optimistic period, investing plans were used which proved to be unsound, and soon the Convention came into serious financial trouble—plans which plague us to this day. I refer, of course, to the scheme of accepting funds on a five percent annuity basis for life and in some cases forever. Such ideas may seem all right in a period of high interest rates but are basically unsound. Thanks to the co-operation of most of the beneficiaries, we have weathered the storm and are on a sound basis for the future.

I have been connected with our Convention for some forty years as director and ten years as president and have seen our organization at the top of the wave and in the depths. At the present time it is neither up nor down, but the future looks bright.

It is not good policy in a historical paper to try to evaluate the present, but it is my opinion that our Convention is being well managed and is in good hands. What the future will be is hard to say, for our Baptist work, along with everything else in our state, is subject to shifting population from farm to city as well as the loss due to the emigration of so many of our best young people to the large areas outside our borders. We do know that Vermont will continue to be a "grass roots" state and a feeding ground to cities

beyond our area. A small state such as ours which has sent about fifty missionaries to foreign fields, and whose early citizens have become the backbone of churches throughout the West, is worthy of careful cultivation by our own people, with our funds and funds provided by the American Baptist Convention.

Dr. W. T. Stackhouse, Secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement many years ago, said at one of our meetings: "If we give the people a missionary vision; if the church can be brought to realize the importance of the call and crisis in which we live, then the Lord's Work can easily be done and the world will know Christ in this generation."

May this be our goal as we start our second century of service for the Master!

4. MANCHESTER, DORSET & GRANVILLE RAILROAD COMPANY

by G. MURRAY CAMPBELL

The New York Public Library caused a railroad to be built. Norcross Brothers Company of Worcester, Massachusetts, had secured a contract for the stone work to be used in the construction of the new library for the City of New York. Ground was broken for this magnificent structure on May 1, 1900. The exterior and a large portion of the interior called for Vermont marble. Mr. O. W. Norcross located the marble which met the specifications near South Dorset, and he forthwith joined with Mr. S. H. West and his son, E. H. West, of Dorset, Vermont, practical quarriers of marble, to organize the Norcross-West Marble Company for production and preparation of the needed stone.

Some very large blocks were required from which to fashion columns and other structural pieces, and drayage five miles from the quarry to a finishing mill, established at Manchester Depot, was undertaken in October, 1901. This, however, proved to be impractical, as well as very costly. A railroad from the quarry to the mill seemed a logical solution. The Manchester, Dorset & Granville Railroad Company had its destiny thus prescribed.

The country to be traversed was good dairyland. Maybe just hauling marble blocks to the mill was too limited an outlook. There were products of farm and village to create additional traffic. It was extravagant to think of connection with western railroads, or the Pacific ocean, so frequently outlined in the ambitions of railroad promotion, but it seemed realistic to forecast construction to Granville, New York, where slate would yield much traffic. There would be connec-

tion with the Delaware & Hudson Railway to give a competitive outlet with that of the Rutland Railroad at Manchester Depot. Manchester, Dorset, East Rupert, Pawlet, Wells, in Vermont, and the border town of Granville, New York, should produce considerable traffic for interchange. The Manchester, Dorset & Granville, subsidiary of the Norcross-West Marble Company, should be a common carrier. The Manchester, Dorset & Granville Railroad Company was accordingly incorporated June 21, 1902, with capital stock of \$350,000, of which \$72,500 was issued, and a \$260,000 five percent bond issue, which was subsequently paid off in 1930. It quickly built the 5.09 miles from Manchester Depot to the quarries at South Dorset, and the first traffic over this single track line started in July 1904, but never did it extend farther to reach Granville, New York, 16 miles beyond, or even the 1-½ miles farther to the village of Dorset, although continuing rumors ran high before annual meetings of the Board of Directors. It was, however, a busy little railroad in its heyday, hauling marble blocks, general freight and passengers. The completion of the New York Public Library in May, 1911, stopped the principal traffic for which the railroad was built, but other notable buildings, including the Daughters of the American Revolution Building, Washington, D. C., and the Annex to the Harvard Medical College at Cambridge, Massachusetts, drew marble from South Dorset, and there were intermittent periods of considerable traffic before common carrier operations, after 14 years, ceased on June 1, 1918.

The Vermont Marble Company acquired the Norcross-West Marble Company, and with it the M. D. & G., on May 20, 1913. Marble orders had lessened, and the Vermont Marble Company apportioned what there were to more economical quarries. Operations at the Manchester Depot mill ceased. The South Dorset quarries closed in 1917, and now they provide the swimming pools for those residing in the Dorset area.

The Manchester, Dorset & Granville Railroad was important in the life of Manchester and Dorset. Its twice-a-day, morning and afternoon, passenger service each way drew excursionists, as well as riders who, when automobiles were more uncommon than now, were inconvenienced by the help of five miles on their journeys to Dorset.

Life on the M. D. & G. had its little dramas—fighting snows, unruly streams, and trespassing livestock, but once in its career drama was spotlighted into magnified prominence.

During the morning of July 6, 1906, two empty Rutland Railroad flat cars, preceded by one M. D. & G. flat car, were placed on the

4,000-foot plateau or upper quarry siding, of which the grade was so steep that the locomotive was taxed to handle them. The two Rutland cars were placed under the quarry derrick. The M. D. & G. car was ahead, and it was planned to use the hand-brake and let this car down the grade a short way to the woodpile, to load after the two cars of marble had been loaded. It was customary to hold the cars on the siding with a $\frac{3}{4}$ " cable attached to the uppermost car and looped over a 3" holding pin on the ground. Two large blocks of marble, each weighing over 25 tons, had been loaded on the forward Rutland car, and one block of 30 tons had been loaded on the uppermost car. Another 20-ton block was being hoisted to load, and while it was about 45 feet in the air, the hoisting engineer noticed the cars moving. The car holding the cable had broken loose. In the confusion which followed, no one attempted to set the hand-brakes; so the hoisting engineer tried to drop the suspended block on the car to disable it, but was prevented from giving a full blow because he had to stop the drop to permit laborers on the car to scamper. He did allow the lowering block to hit the rear end of the last car hard enough to damage it, but the cars continued to move slowly forward. The hoisting cable was allowed to run out about 250 feet, but there was little more. The brake on the hoisting drum had to be applied, and the taut cable then pulled the marble block off the car, to the ground. The run-away cars were on their way to Manchester.

The regular 11:00 A.M. trip of the passenger coach southbound had left about 20 minutes earlier, and aboard were 40 school children with accompanying teachers, along with other passengers. When the loaded freight cars broke away, a telephone call was quickly made to Manchester Depot, where it was learned the passengers had arrived and had unloaded about four minutes before. The engine had gone to the enginehouse, and the passenger coach was left standing on the main line. Possible death and disaster had been averted. The run-away cars, with the empty M. D. & G. flat car ahead, hit the coach and tore it from its wheels, landing it atop the flat car. Only a window in the coach door was broken. It did, however, end the career of the passenger coach, which became a tool storage car. For a while benches were put on a flat car to give an open-air ride to passengers, until a second-hand car was purchased from the Rutland Railroad, to fill out the passenger-carrying life of the M. D. & G.

The equipment consisted of a 4-4-0 locomotive, M. D. & G. No. 1, which was formerly locomotive No. 203 of the Rutland Railroad. When the Vermont Marble Company acquired the property in June 1913, M. D. & G. No. 1 was set aside to be later scrapped, and it

was succeeded by the 0-6-0 Clarendon & Pittsford No. 3. The first combination passenger-baggage car was purchased from the Cumberland Valley Railroad (now Pennsylvania Railroad). The largest number of cars owned were 10 flat cars, which shuttled between the quarry and the mill. Cars for interline movement were supplied by the Rutland Railroad. The locomotive pushed the coach ahead going to the quarries, and trailed the empty flat cars behind. Returning, the locomotive backed to Manchester, pulling the loaded cars, with the coach at the end. There was a small shelter-shed station at Manchester Depot, one at South Dorset Village, and one at the quarry terminus. The Manchester, Dorset & Granville Railroad, affectionately and intimately known as "The Mud, Dirt and Gravel," lured young and old for a round trip of cinders and marble dust. Its whistle was as much of town life as the village clock.

Long after operations ceased the rails remained, and for about a year, in 1924-25, Messrs. Pat and Tom McCormick operated a flanged wheeled motor truck over its rusted rails to haul marble from the Kent-Root Quarry at South Dorset, for shipment from Manchester Depot to the Green Mountain Marble Company at West Rutland. Silence then again took over, and in 1934, Forrest Bros., of Bennington, bought the rails for scrap. The last gasp came when certificate of dissolution was granted February 28, 1936.

[The technical references in the letter below leave us completely dazed, but our readers interested in the roads of yesteryear will, no doubt, welcome its information. The letter was sent by Mr. F. Stewart Graham, Fillmore Farms, Inc., of Bennington to Mr. Campbell. Editor.]

Thank you for your letter of the 1st, regarding M. D. & G. #1. As you know, there have been five distinct numbering series in the Rutland locomotives, and with the much renumbering in each series, there has been left an assortment of information which, in the absence of official records, is difficult to sort for the true facts.

All information to date seems to indicate that the first #204, built at St. Albans, in 1872, is the engine that went to the M. D. & G. We have a photo of the #203, an 0-4-0, which seems to fit the old "Benslide." Records also indicate that the #227 was changed to #204, when the first engine of that number was sold to the M. D. & G., presumably in 1902.

This would be simple and logical, except for the fact that by 1902 both the first #204 and the #227 should have been renumbered into the new numbering series of 1901. Here it is necessary to guess what

happened and my own guess is that the sale of #204 to the M. D. & G. was at least anticipated, her number removed and the engine held awaiting consummation of the purchase. In the meantime, and before the renumbering of 1901, the #227 was changed to #204. I can find nothing to indicate that #207 figured in this deal. Records may come to light some day that will clear up the matter. Until they do, the best we can do is guess at what happened.





LETTERS FROM THE PAST

Andrew J. Roberts (he was 21 or 22) married Mathilda T. Roberts (she was 19) in Walden, Vt., in 1851, population at that time 933, only 3 in town who could not read or write; present population, 481. In January, 1852, Andrew departed for California in search of gold. These letters are authentic and are printed through the kindness of Mrs. A. Philip Simpson of Mundelein, Ill. The first four letters in the series were printed in the January issue. Andrew is now in the gold-mining region—with the gold still eluding him. Beginning with these letters we are making slight changes in punctuation and spelling with the idea of making the letters more easily read. Editor.

II

5.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick July 11, 1852

I have now been in California two months and from home about six months and have not heard from you but once and that was when we arrived at San Francisco. This is the fourth letter that I have written since I have been here. You have by this time received one or more of them if they have not been miscarried. I calculate to write every two weeks whether I receive any from you or not. I do not expect it has been long although since my first to receive an answer, but I shall expect one soon be sure and write every two weeks. Tell Mrs. Leavitt not to feel slited because Joseph dos not write. He says he never wrote a letter in his life, and as long as they go to one place, it is all the same as what is for me is for both and I hope she will so consider it. You can write your letters the same as you did your other one, one *J* part and the other *A* part. We are together and probably shall be while we stay here. We get along very well so far. Joseph frets a little once in a while but that is nothing.

Joseph wants Dudley should get them . . . home from . . . mill. I do not know anything about Mr. Ellis and Brown, have not heard from them since I heard of their leaving Acapulco. I wrote that I thought we should send home some money, but we now think of taking a claim in the river. If we do it will cost from two to three hundred dollars and we shall not have much to spare. River business

is rather uncertain. Some have made their thousands while others have lost money by them. We thought we would take one claim and one of us work it and the other work out. Wages are five dollars a day now but will be six in the course of three weeks. A man can save as much money here in one week as he can in the states in two months. Board is eight dollars per week. We have not boarded ourselves any yet, but we shall have to soon for every thing is very high and they talk of raising two dollars on the price. we have enjoyed very good health ever since we have been here, have not been sick a day. If you were out here you could get 125.00 per month for cooking or most anything els you was a mind to do. I want you should write about your health and everything else you can think of in Walden and Hardwick, the church, the meetings and everything else you can think of about mother sister and Brothers Uncles and aunts grandfather neighbors and friends. George Vincent is here with us. His health is very good. He likes it very well. Work comes rather hard to him not so hard as it did at first. Tell Joseph Pache that I shall write to him soon and the story as it is or at least as I find it. If he should conclude to come out here this fall and bring his wife with him and would advise him to take her with him. If he comes I dont know but I would send for you if you were well enough to come. Write how you would like to come. I know you would like to come if there was nothing in the way and I dont know as there is. Write me whether there is or not. I do not think of much more to write at present. I like here as well as I can. Should like it better if you were here but I look forward to the time when if God spairs our lives we will meet to part no more on earth. Give my respects to all inquiring friends. I presume you have preaching every Sabath, I hope you do. I have not heard but two sermons since I left home but expect to hear one every two weeks now. Respects to all write soon direct to Sac City.

Yours ever A. J. Roberts

6.

Absent but yet loved Husband

Walden July 20th 1852

Your kind letter of June 15th was warmly received Sabath morning. Mr. Delano came and brought it up. Be assured the letters do not stay long in the Post Office. People are very kind about bringing of them to us and besides every one feels an interest in your prosperity. They want to hear the letters read and are willing to bring them from the vilage. The anxiety we have is better felt than expressed. Time flies

far more rapid than when you were on the boisterous Ocean and as we sometimes had reason to fear were starving or in the bottomless depths of the Ocean. Imagine how we felt then. But those times are over now and instead of four long months passing before we hear from you we have only to look forward a fortnight which time flies rapidly. The month that has passed since we heard from you has not seemed longer than a week did before. I hope you will hear punctual as you have been so far. Time would seem long if we should not hear for a month. We feel thankful every time we hear that your lives are spared and healths preserved. O what a good God we have got. We cannot be thankful enough to him for the blessings he is ever bestowing upon us. We do not realise them as coming from him. When I think of my coldness to my Savior I am led to ask myself the question why am I not cut off as a cumberer of the ground? and why am I not lifting up my fruitless eyes in endless torments crying for one drop of water to cool my parched tongue? It is because God is a God of mercy. He is not strict in marking our iniquities against us. When I think of these things I think I will live better that I will consecrate more of my time to prayer and meditation. But satan is ever ready to whisper in our ears you cannot spend time but think of it cannot spend time to pray. What a thought, poor excuse to carry to the bar of God. Oh yes poor indeed that we cannot spend a portion of each day in prayer and thanksgiving to God who has done so much for us. But we must pray not only for ourselves but for others. It is prayer that makes the christians armor bright. Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw and what will give the christian more relief when in trouble than to go to God in prayer. Nothing it is the life of the christian. It is to the soul what food is to the body. How long should we live without food. Why as soon as we leave off eating we begin to waste away, our strength begins to fail, and ere we are aware death's icy hand grasps its victim and bears it to yonder silent tomb. Just so with the christian when they leave off praying, their spiritual strength begins to fail, and ere they are aware they are in darkness plunging deeper into sin than they ever did before. Oh how much easier is it for us when we are in the light to keep there than to get from darkness into light. O my dear Husband let us pray often although we cannot pray with yet we can pray for each other. Let us be constantly on our watch lest the messenger of death come and find us sleeping. We have only a short time to stay here as the longest life is none too long to prepare to meet our God. Let us seek to lay up our treasures in heaven. Things of this world are not worth seeking after they are fading and transitory. Do not my dear Husband be so

eager for Gold as to forget that it is all the Lords and that he can take it from you if you do not make a right use of it. But when you are digging it out of the ground think that it is his and not yours and ask him to direct you in making a right use of it. We received the two dollars you sent us and were as pleased as children would be with a present. It did us more good than a hundred dollars would from any one else. My health remains good for which I have great reason to be thankful as thousands far more worthy are deprived of health and the comforts that I enjoy. Aunt Leavitt is well and Ella she thinks she shall not write this time. Ask Uncle if it is not just as well for me to do all of the writing as long as it is going to the same place. You put him up to writing. It would be a great satisfaction to Aunt to have him write if it was but a few lines. I want you to write longer letters. Write all about the country whether the indians trouble you or not how the gold digings are &c.

When I wrote you before Elder Jones was here. He is here now. He has been using his utmost exertions to effect a reconciliation and has had good sucess so far and I trust he will be directed by one that knows all things. It will be in vain for me to attempt to write all of the proceedings. I should not have room but I give you a short history of it. his first move was to get up a writing which I shall not undertake to describe, carried it round, and got the members to sign it which the most of them did. They then called a meeting and the Old Church drew off 10 members of the new and the new 10 of the old which were organised into a church, then four of each of the parties were drawn off and set aside untill they could settle their dificulties with each other. The members were Mr. Patch Leow and Hodge on the other side Timothy and Luman Bronson I . . . and Mrs Fisher then members of each party were presented to this body that was formed and if no one had any objection were received by vote and proceeded in this way untill they were eighty four in number that could fellowship each other and walk along in church harmony. These proceedings I hope and pray will result in good. We shall probably have preaching all of the time now and I guess there will be no dificulty in suporting it. The prayer meetings are kept up yet and are very interesting and you dear Husband and the rest of brethern are never forgotten but you have the prayers and the good wishes of all. We had a very severe thunder shower a week ago last Wednesday such an one as was never known in these parts. William Sanborns new barn was struck and burned. Mr. Monroe Currier buildings were all burnt. It struck the barn his cows were tied up to milk. As soon as the barn was struck he went to let the cows out and they all laid

down just as though they were dead he untied them but they did not stir. There was seven of them and one hog in the barn and were all burnt together it was a great loss for them. People making it up to them in a measure. Mr. Lows house was struck and injured considerable but did not get afire. It gave Mrs. Brown a very hard shock. She started from the house and ran every step of the way up here when she got here she could but just get into the house. She was completely exhausted. She went into a fit soon after she came in. They sent for the doctor and thought she was dying. He said she was just as full of lightning as she could be and live. But however she lived and went home the next day about night by being carried, very carefull she has got to be as smart as she was before. The rest of the family escaped uninjured. there were one or two barns struck besides but no more burnt. [*No signature. Editor.*]

7.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick August 8th 1852

I received your letter of June 16th on the 5th inst and it has been read and reread. I was very glad to hear from you and that your health was good. My health is good have not been sick a day since I have been here. I like the country as I ever expected to before I left home. I wrote something to you about how you would like to come to this country, but I have your answer now since I received your letter and quite a satisfactory one it is. So far I do not think it is a suitable place for a woman. I hope before one year from this time shall roll around I shall with the Lords blessing be permitted to return home. Joseph is well. He has not received Aunt's letter yet. He did not like it very well to think you did not write more about Aunt and Ella, but the reason is quite plane to me, and that is because Aunt wrote to him, but in future you must write more about them. Aunt must not be offended because I do not write more about Uncle, for you are both together, and he dose not write any at all, and what I write to one I write to both. We have now each of us got a claim in the river now. It costs a great deal of money to work a claim in the river. Joseph is working one and George one and I one. I have written to you something once or twice about a claim in the river. I will now give you something of a discription of the process of working them. In the first place they build flooms something like those built in the states for crossing water for the use of mills. They are usuly from 11 to 12 feet wide and two feet deep. They very in length from one to two hundred yards, that is for each company, one floom connecting with another untill they are frequently from two to eight miles

long. Joseph is about two miles from me. We see another once or twice a week. I should like to send home some money, but we have paid out so much that we are rather short at this time, but we shall have some when we get into the river which will be three or four week. I am sorry to hear that you do not have preaching in Hardwick. You said you felt anxious to hear whether we had prayer meetings. In answer to that I will say that Joseph and a colard man and myself are the only persons that I know in this vicinity. Still I can answer the qestion. We have not had any public prayer meetings, but I have a little meeting of my own every night. I have read the bible once and a part way through again since I left home. I said before I left that I thought that a person might live and injoy religion in California. I think so now about to that degree that they can where there is more restraint over society. Here on the Sabath men are a playing cards for money, drinking and cusing on more a great deal more than on any other day in the week. You may think strange of this, but so it is. When I am at work I get along very well. When I am not, I injoy myself the best in retiring to a little cabin where I stay, and there I read a few chapters and a Hymn and now and then in reflecting upon seasons of prayer that I have injoyed in Vermont where I hope to end my days. I do not know when we shall be at home, but hope it will not be longer then till nixt June or July. It will depend a good deal upon what we do in the river, that is rather uncertain business, but it is concidard the best thing there is about here now. Almost all of the mines in this vicinity are ingaged in this kind of speculation. You spoke of California being in grait demand in Vermont, but I think if you knew how people rush for letters here you would think that they were in somthing of demand here. Give my love to mother sister and James Uncles Aunts and every one else that takes pains to inquire. Be sure to write every two weeks with out fail. Give my best respects to harvy. I wrote something in my last about the cholera [?] in the city, but I have not heard any thing more about it since. It is quite healthy in this vicinity. I do not think of much more to write at present. You wrote about Uncle Freeman and aunt and Uncle Clark starting for California. I wrote you in last of there arriving in San Francisco and also of the aunt of Uncle Clark, the one that was taking care of the old people. Yours with respect from your husband A J Roberts

8.

My dear Husband

Walden Aug. 13th 1852

I will once more attempt to write you. Be assured our hearts were

somewhat saddened and disappointed on learning the fact that the last steamer brought us no letters. we feared you were sick or that some accident had befallen you, but yet we hoped for the best remembering that you were in the hands of a just God. But we are anxiously waiting the arrival of another steamer and hope there will be no bad news. I hope you will not let another fortnight pass without writing. Let the circumstances be what they may. If you are sick get some one to write for you. I have not let a mail pass without getting a letter in, it is just two weeks today since I wrote you (and I shall write as long as I can although I do not expect to be able to write more than once or twice more at present) my health is good as could be expected under existing circumstances. the Lord is kind unto me. He has spared my unprofitable life thus far and blessed me with health and thousands of other blessings I have the privilege of enjoying that others far more worthy than I am are deprived of. Oh that I could realise these things as I should, it is my hearts desire and prayer to God that you and I may both live as we shall wish we had done when we come to die, that we may be prepared to meet with our great and last change. Today was appointed to choose deacons and other buisness of the church. Some two or three are expected to relate their experience and are going forward tomorrow for baptism. Jane Porter and Sarah, and Reufus Hodgkin are the candidates so you see one comes in after another. And I hope the Lord will pour out his spirit in this place. Elder Jones is here yet how mutch longer he is going to stay I am not able to say, the meetings are kept up as usual.

I feel today as I sit here writing as though I should mutch rather sit by your side and communicate things to you by word of mouth than in this way and I believe I could do it better. My head aches quite hard and I do not feel atall like writing and would not were it not necessary in order to have it go out in the next steamer. But you will plainly see without my telling you that I did not feel like writing or that I have not writen fit to be seen at any rate but you must excuse me this time as I have written good long letters before. I think you will excuse short ones a while now writing so often. I do not find enough to fill up a sheet every time. I shall probably be confined before you get this and I want you to think that I shall get along well and have good care. You will hear from me once in two weeks all of the time as I shall get some one to write for me.

Mother Fany and Jane are well and send their love. Polly wished me to send her love also. Joseph Patch says he shall go to California at any rate this fall. He has got a fine little girl four or five months old, but riches are dearest than friends I suppose, but if he was my

husband and I think I should hold on pretty hard to have him stay at home now. I think I could not let you go away quite as easy as I did before if you were going again. Mrs. Hill has not heard anything from her Husband since he left the Isthmus. She is almost crazy and Mrs. sweet has been crazy and I do not wonder at it. I should not be surprised if they never heard from them again. Aunt and Ella are well but I have not more time to write more now. I have got to send it to the office so goodbye from your affectionate wife M T R

9.

Beloved Wife

Weber Crick Aug 22 1852

It is with pleasur that I set myself down at this time to write a few lines to you to let you know something about our affairs since I last wrote you. I have been some what unwell for a few days but am now as well as usual. Joseph is well. He wants I should write a great deal about him. He says tell Aunt to tell sis that he has not forgot her nor home. There is not a day nor an hour passed since we left home but what we have thought of you all especially in the day time and sometimes in our dreams at night. When I last wrote you I told you that we were ingaged in the river. It takes sometime to get ready to work a river claim. Joseph will get in to his this week. George also. I shall get in to mine the last of this week or the first of next. I am in hopes by the next time that I write we shall have something to write of our sucess. Joseph wants I should tell you and you tell the Brethren and sisters that he was very mutch surprised to hear that they had given up the prayer meetings on thursday evening. Wants they should recolect the promise was made to God and not to man. Ours was a promise depending upon circumstances. If you knew our situation you would blame us perhaps, but I trust that our prayers have often ascended throne of grace with yours. I want you to tell about all of the neighbors friend and all of the brethren and sisters and friends and every thing else you can think of anything will be interesting to me. I have not received a letter from you since I last wrote you. The male has arrived in the City will be up here this evening. I shall look for a letter very much. I am agoing to send you a very prety little specamine of Gold wourth a little more than one dollar. This is for you. I shall send one in the next for Aunt. I do not think of much more to write at present. Be sure and write every two weeks. My love to all inquiring friends from your husband A J Roberts



Folklore Department

EDITED by LEON W. DEAN

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True As Gospel

Wilbur and Lucy Benham were for many years faithful attendants and chief financial supporters of the local Methodist Church. Suddenly both attendance and support ceased, and a few weeks later the Rev. John Johnson, the new minister, called on the Benhams to learn the reason for their dereliction. "Mrs. Benham," he said, "you and your husband have been among the leading supporters of our church for many years," and Mrs. Benham gravely answered, "Yes." "But now you do not attend divine services; you do not help financially. Is it because you do not like me?" Again the one word, "Yes." "But what is the trouble?" the bewildered man inquired. "My sermons?" A long, cold stare from Mrs. Benham, and then: "It's you, Mr. Johnson. You have a diarrhea of words and a constipation of ideas. Aside from that you are well enough."—*Raymond L. Taylor, Weston.*



Superstitious?

Two looking in a mirror at the same time signifies a disappointment to both. Wishing when you see a load of empty barrels makes the wish come true. A black cat looking in the window brings bad luck. A spider on your clothing means you will have something new to wear. To bring good luck to a new-born baby, take it to the top of the house when it is first removed from the room. Walking over white flagstones brings bad luck. Laying an umbrella down on a bed is a sign of approaching disappointment. Stirring coffee with a fork means that you will make trouble. Death is often foretold by a white dove flying into the room. Meeting a cross-eyed person the first thing in the morning signifies bad luck all that day. To return after starting on an errand is a sure sign of disappointment. To counteract it, count ten and make a fresh start. Two spoons in a cup is a sure indication of death. When your shoes wear out at the toe, you will be a spend-thrift. To wear your shoes out at the side is a sure sign of marriage.

Making a present of a pair of shoes or slippers separates you. To mend a garment while it is being worn indicates that a lie is being told about you. If your nose itches, you are going to kiss someone.—*Lillian E. Terrill, Burlington.*



Civil War Envelopes

One of the envelopes (white) has a figure of a Union soldier in bright blue on the left side of the front face of the envelope. The figure is approximately $1\frac{1}{4}''$ x $3''$ in size. The title, "Vermont Soldier," in the top-center applies to both the illustration and the following poem, which is printed on the envelope.

*When our country was all confusion,
Vermont boys came to the conclusion,
That down to Washington they would go,
And rout the rebels, their country's foe.
So down we came—the track was clear—
The rebels left on account of fear
That McClellan he would take command
And Vermont Boys would lead the Van!*

Another envelope, pale green in color, with the lettering all in dead white, has the state seal, topped by the words "Green Mountain," on the left-hand border of the front face. To the right of the seal, extending the rest of the way across the envelope, is the word "LOYAL," in large letters, with the address below it.—*Mary Whitney Kidd, Northfield.*



Tanning Sheep Shams

(Newspaper clipping from 1858 account book of J. D. Smith, Panton)

We have found it profitable rainy day work, sometimes, to dress a sheep skin with the wool on. It makes a nice foot mat, a very comfortable thing in a sleigh or wagon on a cold day. It is easily dressed. Take equal parts of salt and alum, pulverized, and sift about four ounces upon the flesh side of the skin while fresh from the body, or if dry, after being moistened; and then fold it up carefully and keep it in a damp place about 4 days, and then open it and lay it on a table and scrape it with a dull knife to get all the adhering flesh off, and then rub it with a blunt wooden instrument until it is dry and soft.

To dress a sheep or deer-skin for soft leather, without the wool, we see the following simple process recommended: "One half ounce of oil of vitriol, one teacup of salt, from two or three quarts new milk, warm the milk, then add the salt and vitriol; stir the skin in this liquor 40 minutes, keeping it warm, and then work it till dry." The Indians dress all their deerskins by soaking them in a paste made of brains, and after rubbing them, drying them in smoke.—*Carol C. Wheatly, South Burlington.*



Expressive Expressions

Dear me suz! As big as the world and part of Groton. Rule (recipe). Broad shelf (counter). Store boughten. Spanking good team. This house looks as though it was sent for and couldn't go. Teekle block (tackle). Hunting all over the sapworks. (Looking everywhere). Going a pretty good hickory. (Going fast). She flies around like the button on a backhouse door. Dow (no). He doesn't know enough to lap salt and drool. As long as a wet week. Looks like a hurrah's nest. (Looks disorderly). A woman can throw out more with a spoon than a man can bring home with a shovel. Meaner'n pusley. They have more kids than a flight of stairs.—*Prof. Muriel J. Hughes, University of Vermont.*



Fall Lamb Drive of 50 Years Ago

Fifty years ago, Carl Barnard, a life-long resident of Wilmington, now in his seventies, drove lambs to market in the fall. The work then was carried on exactly as it had been in colonial times.

Many of the farmers in the vicinity kept a few sheep for meat and for wool to be used in making the mittens, caps, and other winter clothing for the family. Frequently in the fall, they would find that they had more lambs than they cared to winter, or perhaps a few old sheep that would be worth more sold than on the farm. It was Carl's job, and one he enjoyed, to buy up the lambs and old sheep and drive them to market.

Early in the morning, on a frosty fall day, Carl hitched his driving horse to his buggy and left his home in the village for the farms in East Dover and its environs where he expected to find lambs for sale.

At each farm the lambs were weighed. A rope was tied around the lamb's body and a loop of that rope was slipped over the hook on the steelyards that Carl had brought with him. The owner was paid by the pound, either then or later, at the rate fixed by the buyer by whom

Carl was employed. After each transaction was completed, Carl drove on to other farms in the neighborhood.

When there were only a few lambs at a farm, their owner often delivered them himself to the sheep yard at Carl's home. The simplest way to get a few lambs to the village was to put sideboards on a lumber wagon, load the sheep, lay a few boards over the top to prevent their jumping out, hitch up the old farm team and take them to town.

When all the lambs he had purchased were in his yard, Carl was ready for the drive. Early in the morning, from one hundred to five hundred lambs followed the lead sheep out of the yard where they had been bedded the night before.

Every fifty to seventy-five lambs had a driver. Often school boys got permission to help with the drive. Each man walked along behind the flock in his care. Nearly all would keep in the road behind the lead sheep. If a lamb from one of the first flocks wandered off the road, it was not necessary for his driver to round him up. By the time the next fifty sheep came along, the erring one would be willing to fall in with the others.

A lumber wagon with side and cover-boards, drawn by Carl's work team, left the village last of all. By keeping to the rear all the way, the driver was able to pick up lambs that showed signs of exhaustion. The other drivers, too, when they became tired of walking, took turns riding on the wagon.

The first day they covered only about nine miles. Time was taken out to weigh and buy lambs at farms along the way. At Whitingham, Carl always made it a point to stop at Charlie Goodnow's for the night. Charlie had a well-fenced yard which would hold all the lambs comfortably. Moreover, Charlie had four daughters, some of whom were sure to be home. A good, hearty meal and a pleasant evening were always a certainty when Carl arrived at Goodnow's with his lambs. That he appreciated his treatment there is borne out by the fact that he married one of the four daughters.

At daybreak, after another good meal with the Goodnows, the men started out again with their lambs. This day's journey was longer than the day before, about eighteen miles. More lambs from other farms were picked up on the way.

When night came, they had generally reached their destination, Charlemont, in Massachusetts. Here Carl sold the lambs to representatives of the Brighton Market at as high a price as he could persuade them to pay.

When these negotiations were concluded, the men were paid off, and those who were willing and able to return to Wilmington that

night made the night journey home in the wagon. This trip was, of course, accomplished in less time, and Carl usually reached home by daylight.—*Elizabeth Covey, Wilmington.*



Too Lazy to Breathe

One of the stories which I can remember my father telling concerned a man in Lamoille County who was supposed to be the laziest man around. He would spend his time sitting on the porch rocking back and forth and saying over and over to himself:

*"Come breath, go breath;
But I'll be darned if I'll draw you!"*

—*Priscilla F. Bagley, Granville*



Domestic Legerdemain

A well-to-do farmer in Tunbridge was noted for his parsimonious wife. She always set two tables, one for the hired help and the other for the family, which was contrary to local custom, where all ate at the same table.

One helper remarked that this was the first place he had ever worked where a tin of biscuit put into the oven by the housewife always came out johnnycake.—*Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton.*



Potash and Pearlash

All the ashes from the fireplaces were saved and stored in the ash house. When a sufficient quantity had accumulated, they were put in huge, open, iron kettles and boiled. A scum rose to the top and was skimmed off. This process continued until the water had boiled away and a thick brownish substance was left in the bottom of the kettle. This substance was called "salts of ashes," better known as potash. The pearlash was made by placing this residue in a hot oven until the carbon was burned out, which left a lighter ash and a more valuable product. This was used in cooking, while the potash was used for bleaching, soap-making and glass-making. Because it was light in weight and small in bulk, it was one of the few products that could easily be carried to market, where it was sold for cash.—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon.*

Esau Buck and the Bucksaw

An old farmer of Vermont whose sons had all grown up and left him hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles for wood and unloaded them between the garden and the barnyard. The next morning the old man said to the hired man:

"Esau, I am going to town today, and while I am gone you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."

When the old man had gone, Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw, he wouldn't saw it. When Esau saw the saw, he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw, so he didn't saw it.

When the old man came home, he says to Esau: "Esau, did you saw the wood?"

Esau said: "I saw the wood, but I wouldn't saw it, for when I saw the saw, I saw that I couldn't saw with that saw, so I didn't saw it."

The old man went out to see the saw, and when he saw the saw, he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau saw that the old man saw that he couldn't saw with the saw, Esau picked up the ax and chopped up the wood and made a seesaw. Just at this time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard, Esau Buck saw a new bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, and Esau stopped to examine the new bucksaw. Now, when the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he made a dive for Esau. Missing Esau, he hit the seesaw, knocked the seesaw against Esau Buck, who fell on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw.

Now, when the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the seesaw and knock the seesaw against Esau and Esau Buck fall on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the seesaw, he picked up the ax to kill the old buck; but the buck saw him coming and dodged the blow and countered on the old man's stomach, knocked the old man over the seesaw onto Esau Buck, who was getting up with the bucksaw off the sawbuck by the seesaw, crippled Esau Buck, broke the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seesaw.

Now, when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the seesaw, he quietly turned around, went back and jumped into the garden again and ate up what was left of the old man's cabbages.—*H. N. R., Newport, reported by Mabel J. Harvey, Waterbury.*

Ye Olde Spud

Potatoes were known to the settlers, but not very well liked. Some people believed that if potatoes were eaten every day they would die within seven years. If any were left over in the cellar in the spring, people carefully burned them for fear their horses or cows might eat them and be killed. Some of the first settlers to eat potatoes certainly must have had to hunt to find the potatoes because they mixed them with butter, sugar and grape juice, which was combined with dates, lemons and mace, seasoned with cinnamon, nutmeg and pepper, then covered with a frosting of sugar.—*Sally Durkee, Tunbridge.*



So We Say

Not enough gumption to wad a gun—hotter than a little red wagon—clean as a snake's tooth—blackier than a squaw's pocket—higher than Kelsie's kite—she's all pins and needles—polite as a basket of chips—no nearer than forty rows of apple trees—dry as a covered bridge—votes dry, drinks wet.—*Milo Reynolds, as recorded by Lillian E. Terrill, Burlington.*



Excerpts from Old Letters

To Mrs. Julia Brown

McIndoes Falls, Vt.

April 10, 1841

How sad the death of our beloved Pres. General Harrison. Can you realize that he has gone?



New Haven, Dec. 25, 1817

There is a gentleman passes by, and calls frequently, who has a beautiful little foot, he goes by the name of Little Foot with us. . . .

. . . I found that I was obliged to get some flannel or have the side ache.



Windsor, July 24, 1834

Julia and Elizabeth have got a pretty new straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with blue, some new gowns and shoes and they love to go to meeting with their Father and Mother very much. They help their mother some about her work and piece up calico for her . . . William is a fine, healthy little boy and sometimes draws his little brothers to Grandpas in a little cart . . . Ella Barber has come to stay with us for a few days. She is a good little girl. She loves to go to school and help her mother.

Barnard—July 2—1848

I must tell you that the railroad is completed as far as Bethel. The cars passed up from Boston to Bethel last Monday for the first time.—*Florence M. Fisher, Burlington.*



Undecided

Drawing in hay with the two-wheeled ox-cart on a rough lot, the cart was drawn to the top of a steep little knoll. Pat, who was on the load treading down the hay, became frightened.

“Hold! Hold! Ye’ll tap over!”

“Which way?” the driver asked.

“For the life av me I cannot tell,” was Pat’s truthful reply.—*Amos J. Eaton, South Royalton.*



Things to Remember

Fools and children tell the truth. When the kettle boils dry, a storm is brewing. The frogs freeze up three times before spring comes. As goes Monday, so goes all the week. When the chick-a-dee says “Phoebe,” sugaring time is nearing the last run of sap. It fits like a saddle on a sow. To see a spider is a sign of money. When clothes are put on inside out, don’t change or your luck will change. Friday faced—sad and melancholy mien. Fair off—spoken of the weather—to clear off. Keep on red flannels until you see no snow on the hill-tops. Listeners hear no good of themselves. Horses lapping with their tongues means dry weather.—*Mabel J. Harvey, Waterbury.*



Ravelings

Bounden to be there (obligated to be there). Bug run (last run of sap). Frog run (last run of sap). Pluck (liver, kidneys and other internal organs of a pig). Killing a frog would induce the cows to give bloody milk. Trying to hurry up sundown. (Trying to hasten the inevitable). Garden crops should be planted only in the old of the moon. If planted in the new of the moon, they would all grow to tops and vine, with no bottoms or fruit. Corn cure: soak two ivy leaves in vinegar for 24 hours. Place on affected part. Allow to remain until efficacy is gone. Then repeat until corn is cured. Old Native: “They tell me that I’ve lost my mind, but I ain’t missed it none yet.”

In 1791 oxen cost about \$36 a yoke. Dong. (The clapper of a bell). Sundog. (Circle around the sun). Walk. (Early invitation to enter a house upon knocking). Wigglewood (green alder wood. So called because it squirmed when used for fuel).—*Contributors.*



Cave Markings

Glenn Bullard of Bethel, who is now around seventy, says that when he was a boy he found caves on the bank of the White River in Bethel. These caves, he says, were painted with Indian symbols and signs. They washed away with many other things in the 1927 flood.—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon.*



Different Then

They used to move buildings with twenty-five or thirty yoke of oxen. I've seen 'em. They'd put shoes under the building as long as the building was, twenty-five or forty feet long maybe. The shoes were made of trees.—*William York, Lincoln.*



A Strong Man

Archie McLaughlin was the strongest man in Groton. He could place himself under the axle of an ox cart on which were 1500 pounds of hay and raise it with ease.—*Emma A. Kimball, Sharon.*



Asthma Relief

Skin a muskrat. Turn the skin wrong side out and apply as a poultice on the chest. It is good for asthma.—*Alice S. Whitney, Wilmington.*



A Card Gave a Card

The Old West Concord Hotel was built in 1844 by Levi Howe, and was burned on April 22, 1912. Here is a copy of the card given to hotel guests at one time:

WEST CONCORD HOUSE

West Concord,

Vermont.

C. E. Kirk, Proprietor
Good Livery Connected

And here is the reverse side of the card:

The motto of this hotel is "Do unto
others as they will do you."

There are three departments—up stairs
down stairs and out doors. Outdoors is the
cheapest.

If the bell in your room is broken, wring
the towel.

No alarm clock furnished by the man-
agement. Before retiring wind up your
bed and hear the ticks.

To prevent guests carrying fruit from
the table we will have no fruit.

Any one wishing to take a drive after
lunch can repair to the wood shed and
drive nails.

Guests having nightmare will find the
harness in the closet.

Thirteen at the dinner table is a bad sign.
It is a sign we will have no supper.

Each room is supplied with a handsome
crome card with the following inscription,
"Honesty is the best policeman."

If the hotel is not on the right side of the
street, let it be known at the office and it
will promptly be removed to the other side.

No spoons allowed on the table occupied
by newly married couples. This is to pre-
vent spooning in public.

Not a bathroom in the house. River
near by. If you are dropped here in the
winter call for an axe.

Guests are not expected to pay their bills
unless they prefer to do so. We have
seen a tree "leave its trunk for board."

I was doing some research work in the town of Concord, Vermont, some time ago, and was talking with an elderly man. When he found my name was Gaskill, he said, "Any related to old Samuel Gaskill that used to live over in Texas?" "He was my great-grandfather," I replied.

"I've got to tell you a story about him. It was along when lightin' rods was first around. One o' them slick young salesman came along a selling them. He kept a tueing and a tueing old Samuel to buy some for his buildings, but Samuel, he didn't cater much to them new-fangled notions. Finally, the salesman asked him if he couldn't just put the lightin' rods up on the buildings to see just how they would look. Old Samuel let him. It took him quite a while. When he got them all on, he asked Samuel if he didn't think they looked pretty good. Samuel agreed, but still said he warn't a goin' to buy them. The salesman was pretty mad, after all that work, and started to take them down. But Samuel wouldn't let him. Told him that they was hisen, now they was on his buildings. They had quite a row, but the salesman had to go off and leave the lightin' rods up there, and he didn't get any pay for them either. Yea, old Samuel Gaskill was enough for that slicker salesman."—*Mrs. Tennie Gaskill Touissant, St. Johnsbury.*



Pithy Points

1. He who cuts his own wood warms himself twice.
2. Some days, can't make a cent; don't even pay to get up.
3. They can't pour water down my back and call it sweat.
4. He had no dish to wash in, nor a window to throw it out of.
5. Her tongue is hung in the middle, like the clapper of a bell.
6. Don't need it any more'n a cat needs two tails.
7. Hunted for it all over Hell's kitchen, and part of (name any town).
8. Enough blue sky for patches on a Dutchman's britches.
9. It's as cold as charity.
10. Make him scratch for it.
11. (Road sign): Drive slow—or settle.

—*Arthur W. Hawkins, Burlington.*



A VERMONT BOOKSHELF

I. ACRES OF FLINT: WRITERS OF NEW ENGLAND, 1870-1900. BY PERRY D. WESTBROOK. 199 PP. BIB. 8 PP. INDEX. THE SCARECROW PRESS, WASHINGTON 7, D.C. \$4. *Reviewer*—DR. JEREMIAH K. DURICK

Ever since the Age of the Great Debunkers (the 1920's—just in case you have forgotten), we have been so accustomed to the condescending tone and the Freudian a-snide in our literary histories and biographies that any departure from critical protocol should be heralded from the housetops. The Victorians have long since come back into their own, but the "Victorian" Americans are still so often completely neglected or passed over as just too, too "genteel" for this age of plain speaking and low thinking. Even Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's nostalgically sympathetic history of New England literature in "decline" did not succeed in rescuing it from the scornful pen of critics brought up to hate "gentility" without ever understanding it.

I begin my review of Mr. Perry Westbrook's *Acres of Flint* with these observations because the pre-eminent merit of this monograph is its freedom from condescension and from the tendency to judge an age and its books by canons of morality and art all too peculiarly the product of our own muddled pluralisms. *Acres of Flint* is quite properly "objective" in method and in its judgments. After all, it is a Columbia Ph.D. dissertation, but, as its author insists, not a "thesis." Mr. Westbrook's *obiter dicta* on life and letters are, however, so numerous and so full of good sense that one is tempted not only to applaud his "objectivity," but also to write a congratulatory note to the Columbia faculty for honoring good sense as well as good scholarship. In other words, this dissertation is not just another triumph for historical relativism (judging an age by its own standards), but a kind of personal triumph over the Spirit of our own age.

This book should be of special interest to Vermont readers for several good reasons. First of all, its opening paragraphs take us back to 1788 when Seth Hubbell made the long and arduous migration from Connecticut to Wolcott (Vt.), and the very last page pays tribute both to Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Seasoned Timber* and to the "idealism and independence of the Vermont villager." Again, although Rowland Robinson is now fairly well known to students of Vermont literature, no literary history on a national or even a regional scale

has done justice to the creator of "Danvis." Mr. Westbrook has obviously read Robinson with understanding and appreciation of the virtues of his books as well as of their limitations. I like particularly in *Acres of Flint* the brief appraisal of Robinson's treatment of the French Canadian. Finally, the discriminating Vermont reader should like this book because it is a first-rate *regional* study. Mr. Westbrook crosses state lines, to be sure, stopping to point up tinges of local color, but always emphasizing the pervasive character of New England "values." He argues that if such old-fashioned American virtues as rugged independence and respect for the opinions and peculiarities of others, survive anywhere today, we must look for them in the New England back-country. There we shall find them, as Mr. Westbrook discloses them in the fiction and poetry of the Indian Summer days.

The author very wisely disregards major writers like Henry Adams, Henry James, and Howells, who generally wrote against a more urban and cosmopolitan frame of reference. He also skims lightly over the well-travelled ground of Emily Dickinson's own "Acres" (the title comes from one of her poems) and, in the final chapter on "Aftermath and Renascence" as well as elsewhere, mentions Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson only in highly pertinent contexts. Some of the writers discussed in the book are as well known as Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe—although it is of the Mrs. Stowe of "Oldtown" rather than of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* that he writes. Others are fairly well known to students of American literature (Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary Wilkins Freeman, for example), but the most provocative chapters or sections of *Acres of Flint* deal with such relatively forgotten figures as Rose Terry Cooke, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, and our own Rowland Robinson. Only Thomas Bailey Aldrich emerges from these pages as an authentic disciple of the "genteel," and he was both a cosmopolite and a Bostonian. Van Wyck Brooks had given a few paragraphs or pages to the more obscure figures mentioned above, but his comments often consist of hasty generalizations and inaccurate details, in spite of the over-all brilliance of *New England Indian Summer*. Mr. Westbrook, while rarely as brilliant, is always thorough and writes with the kind of enthusiasm which is certain to send his readers back to discover or re-discover for themselves the books and writers of New England's "Victorian sunset." I have never read a more truly penetrating study of Mrs. Freeman's best work or a riper evaluation of Miss Jewett's regionalism.

The book is generally well-printed and attractive in format, but

there are some typographical errors which should be corrected in a subsequent edition. Among these are "Imogene" for Imogen, the middle name of Louise Guiney (p. 82), "la sua volontate" for "la sua voluntade" in the quotation from Dante (p. 137), and "Encantadoes" for Melville's "Encantadas." Perhaps the Dante error may be ascribed to Miss Thaxter—I do not have a copy of *The Heavenly Guest* at hand. There is an excellent index, a long but unpretentious bibliography, and suitable acknowledgments to the Editor of this *Quarterly* (among others) for his help with Rowland Robinson and with "matters of publication."

2. THE AMERICAN CENTURY. BY RALPH E. FLANDERS. 100 PP. HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. \$2.50. *Reviewer*—VREST ORTON.

This small 100-page volume is the printed record of the Godkin Lectures on the Essentials of Free Government and the Duties of the Citizen, as delivered at Harvard University by Ralph E. Flanders, junior senator from Vermont.

Like all Ralph Flanders' written works, there is a great deal of solid meat packed tightly into a little space. Flanders was, I think no one questions, one of the two most original and brilliant economic and social philosophers within American industry before he was elected to the United States Senate. Today, that reputation has happily been continued, and his gift of being able to concentrate much meaning in few words has been borne out by his distinguished career in that august body.

This series of lectures is no exception. The Senator himself realizes it, I think, when he confesses in the foreword that the scope is a wide one. An understanding of the position of the United States today, and our country's responsibilities in the world, is a big subject to cram into a little book.

Yet you realize that he has handled the subject with good sense when you crack open the shell and extract the meat. Flanders' gift of terse and concise expression is, of course, a great advantage to him. But, at times, as in places in this book, his assumptions of the reader's knowledge are very great indeed. While this is complimentary to the reader, Flanders is inclined to state, rather than to delineate his thesis. The average reader, to whom Flanders' significant message should come with real force, is left slightly bewildered in places where the message does not quite come through.

Now what is the Senator's message?

His message is based on the proposition that the wheel of destiny has turned. For centuries, other civilizations and nations exercised power and created cultures. But today the wheel has come to a stop on us! We of the United States find ourselves, perhaps with surprise if not indeed with reluctance, holding the destiny of the entire western world in our hands. This astonishing historical event, the Senator says, makes it imperative that we no longer, as we have done in the past, be content to view our problems piecemeal and to treat them as a series of single crises arising from local and temporary conditions. Neither should we be satisfied with expedient and short-range solutions such as we have reached in the past.

We must now, with this momentous and almost cosmic responsibility for what Flanders aptly terms "our section of eternity," view our problems with one, single, clear, long view. We must then bring about a long-range, abiding solution of political and economic problems, not separately, but in one piece.

Quite an order!

First, he says that we have accepted the idea, new in human history, that society in general and government in particular, has a responsibility for seeing that production and employment are maintained.

But there are two approaches to this problem: the conservative and the emotional liberal. Conservatism has a real solid negative value as it offers reasoned objections to foolish proposals. But the "emotional liberal" is one who arouses his emotions when he reads a tag or, in short, one who *emotes* at the connotations of words rather than thinks about their real meanings.

The emotional liberal believes in universal welfare from the cradle to the grave. In this country, we see this carried to the point of absurdity in the Brannan Plan, which seeks by taxation to maintain the farmers' income.

Our problem, the Senator concludes, is to replace "emotional liberalism and clever politics with solid achievement." We can do this best by understanding the real meaning of a genuine liberal; and so the Senator quotes from Ramsey Muir, who writes that:

Liberalism is a belief in the value of the human personality and a conviction that the course of all progress lies in the free exercise of individual energy; it produces an eagerness to emancipate all individuals or groups so that they may freely exercise their powers so far as this can be done without injury to others, and it therefore involves a readiness to use the power of the State for the purposes of creating the conditions within which individual energy can thrive, of preventing all abuses of

power, of affording to every citizen the means of acquiring mastery of his own capacities and of establishing a real equality of opportunity for all. . . .

Since the Senator says he knows of no better definition, we may assume that this very excellent one is the keystone to his philosophy and the real key to this present volume.

Self-interest, the Senator continues, quoting from another source, if pursued with a sufficiently long-range view, becomes identical with virtue.

His thesis then boils down to this: self-interest, if practiced by this great nation over a long enough time, may become the real salvation of the world.

Why is that? Because, if we believe in democracy and the value and power of men of good will, who are real liberals from the definition quoted above, we can only exercise its influence throughout the world if we are a prosperous and strong nation. Without compromising the spiritual side of our national life, we must become more prosperous as a nation that we may become stronger as a world force.

Communism, which is, of course, the opposite of all the principles of men of good will, men of God, and men of genuine liberal intent, thrives in a climate of confusion and weakness. To put it positively, communism cannot thrive in a climate of our success. Therefore, we must extend this success to the world.

But, of course, we must first solve our political and economic internal problems before we can become stronger. That is, naturally, our first job.

The next, and the final, over-all and vital job, is to break through the iron curtain which the small segment of Russians, called the Communist Party, has erected to keep the large segment of Russians from finding out the truth.

Once we find means of breaking through that curtain between our people and the Russian people (and the Senator mentions, of course, the Voice of America and his own private device of free balloons), then we can convince the Russian people and all the peoples which they now keep shut off from the world, that our way of life is better for them, as well as for us. No people in the world wants war or have in modern history wanted war. If we can show the great masses of the world that there are indeed men of good will trying to build forces which will prevent war, we can prevent war. And we can have a prosperous world in which all men live in peace and universal good will.

But, to repeat, we must break down that iron curtain. That curtain

now keeps millions of people in a low-grade stage of ignorance as to these other forces which are, at bottom, working for their benefit as well as for ours. We are all members of the human race—and it is stupid to concentrate on ways and means of decimating ourselves!

In advancing these ideas in his pregnant book, the eminent Senator from Vermont reminds me greatly of Professor Toynbee. No man in modern times has advanced theories which have shattered the complacent assumptions of the past more than this distinguished British historian. But to understand what Professor Toynbee is driving at, another man had, in a manner of speaking, to translate his book from English into the language of the average American.

So it should be that, some day, when the Senator from Vermont has more time, he should develop his very important ideas upon a larger base. He should consider that to arouse great human forces to back his plan of action, he has to reach great human forces—that is, more people. He should write, at greater length, a book delineating not only the meaning but the dramatic magic of his thesis. He should write it for those less well versed in the profound philosophies of his reasoning. This wider, more powerful audience has got to understand these ideas before it acts. And until it acts, the ideas are still-born.

3. HORACE GREELEY, VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. BY WILLIAM HARLAND HALE. HARPERS, NEW YORK. \$4. *Reviewer*—PROFESSOR WELLINGTON E. AIKEN.

A life of Horace Greeley holds special interest for Vermont readers, for Greeley spent a considerable part of his boyhood and youth in Vermont, and his *Tribune* later became the political Bible of Vermont Republicans, who apparently believed that Horace wrote every word of it. In its early existence, this was hardly an exaggeration.

Though Greeley was born in Amherst, N.H., half a dozen years of his early boyhood were passed in unprofitable farming with his father in Westhaven, Vt., and some five years in East Poultney, where he learned printing. The Vermont period is treated but briefly by Mr. Hale, with little detail on either the farm life or the village life. Yet every man is profoundly influenced by his surroundings in his teens; and Greeley's life-long correspondence with Mrs. Whipple of Westhaven, and his pleasant memories of East Poultney, show him no exception; of the latter community he said, "I have never known a community so generally moral, intelligent, industrious, and friendly." He always thought of himself as a Vermonter.

The high lights of Mr. Hale's biography are the building and

management of the *Tribune* from a very humble beginning into a powerful national force; Greeley's determining part in nominating Lincoln; his vacillating course in the Civil War, alternating between defeatism, and full support of Lincoln and the war; and his later ill-starred campaign as presidential nominee of the reform Republicans and the Democrats. On all these events the author throws the vivid light of lively narrative and picturesque detail.

As the narrative moves ahead, the background scenes are brought out in realistic detail: the Pennsylvania and New York frontier in early canal days; the rough-and-ready New York of the 30's with its rowdy journalism justifying much of Dickens' famous satire in Martin Chuzzlewit; the tragic days of the Civil War; the shifty political juggling of the time; the rise of reform in Grant's administration. It is lively history.

Out of this detailed account rises the curious figure of Greeley; honest reformer and defender of the people, illogical and inconsistent, showman and self-seeking politician, eccentric and temperamental, a great popular journalist, and champion of a score of worthy causes and a dozen absurd ones.

Henry Commager in the *New York Times* finds but one fault in Mr. Hale's biography—lack of analysis and interpretation, blurring the total picture. This reviewer cannot agree with this stricture. The figure of Greeley in the book is so vivid, against a background that is so fully portrayed, that the reader draws his own conclusions inevitably as the narrative advances. Horace Greeley was impulsively responsive to changing events—and events have a way of being surprising. Greeley could not quite keep up with them.

It is a good biography and justifies the demand of many that history and biography should be readable.

4. RUDYARD KIPLING IN NEW ENGLAND. BY HOWARD C. RICE. 48 PP.

13 HALFTONE ILLUS. THE BOOK CELLAR, BRATTLEBORO, VT. 1951.

\$2. *Reviewer*—RALPH N. HILL, JR.

For a state, according to Mr. Toynbee, that is outside the belt of "optimum challenge" and whose geography and climate may thus be considered to have an adverse effect on the mental and physical energies of the people, Vermont has a literary heritage that is strangely rich—and lasting. A study of writers and artists at present living and working in Vermont would show a marked impact upon the arts of the country at large. The state seems to be on the threshold of a new period—and the horizon is out of sight.

Rudyard Kipling came to Vermont in 1892, built a house near Brattleboro, and during the next four years wrote some of his most enduring works: *Captains Courageous*, *The Jungle Books*, *The Seven Seas*, and *The Day's Work*. In a sprightly new and revised edition of *Rudyard Kipling in Vermont*, Howard C. Rice has given us a penetrating story of the author's Vermont years, which may not be found in detail in any of the Kipling biographies.

The tragedy of the Balestier feud, which drove Kipling back to England, has usurped other accounts, and it is good to find that the real substance of his life and work at *Naulakha* has assumed just proportions here. Mr. Rice shows, contrary to popular thinking, that Kipling was stimulated not only by Vermont's geography and climate, but by its people—and that these were happy years.

There is much more of the background of Kipling's American experience in Mr. Rice's book than a mere recital of his years in Vermont. Kipling viewed America at large with a hostile, patronizing eye, like a hundred other journal-writing Englishmen before him, yet he said he loved America. As for Vermont Yankees, he found them "unhandy men to cross in their ways, set, silent, indirect in speech, and as impenetrable as that other Eastern farmer who is the bedrock of another land."

This book should find many readers. It is appropriately published by the Brattleboro Book Cellar, which with this volume "recreates a way of life started by one Ben Smead in 1798 when he published a sermon of the Rev. William Wells."

5. THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY: HALF A CENTURY OF BIBLIOGRAPHIC PUBLISHING. BY JOHN LAWRENCE LAWLER. UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS, MINNEAPOLIS. 207 PP. 1950. \$3. *Reviewer*—DR. JOHN C. HUDEN.

One often wonders what librarianship would be like today if there had never been an H. W. Wilson Company. What would it be like if there had never been a *Cumulative Book Index*, a *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature*, or an *Agricultural Index*—to mention but a few of the monumental achievements of Halsey William Wilson, born May 12, 1868, at Wilmington, Vermont.

Well, H. W. Wilson has been described as a genius, an indefatigable worker, the patron saint of librarians, research workers and the like. He has earned all of these plaudits; John Lawler makes this quite plain in his book. Mr. Lawler describes the origins, growth, and present-day operations of the company in a most pleasing style.

His information is accurate as it is based on weeks of actual observation in the plant itself. Running through the book is a biographical thread, the story of H. W. Wilson, who "started with an idea and from it built a company that has played a vital part in nearly every scholarly activity of the last fifty years."

Our only quarrel with this book is its lack of information concerning Mr. Wilson's connections with Vermont since 1871. In that year he left Wilmington, his parents having died of tuberculosis; his maternal grandparents kept him in Massachusetts until he was twelve, when he went to live with an uncle in Iowa. How Mr. Wilson entered the University of Minnesota (preparatory department) in 1885, how he and his wife started the *Cumulative Book Index* in the year when Admiral George Dewey and Captain Charles Clark licked the kingdom of Spain, how the H. W. Wilson Company grew and moved east, all are set forth in Mr. Lawlor's book.

But this question pesters us: if Halsey William Wilson has achieved all these things with *only three years' residence in Vermont as a background*, what would he have accomplished if he had stayed in Wilmington until he was six?

[Books reviewed may be ordered at the price listed
by sending the order to the Vermont Historical
Society, Montpelier, Vt.]





Postscript

"No nation is conscious of its nationhood except in terms of history."—BARBARA WARD

Professor Allan Nevin's statement that "Events are forces momentarily made visible," offers a theme to which I return again and again. The modern obsession with "events," as if in them were the prophecies of tomorrow, can be most misleading. It is a far call from the clamor of ancient battles, the ragings of kings, the building of pyramids, to a little scene described by Carter as he, the first of living men, gazed into the chamber where rested King Tutankhamen and saw the golden effigy of the boy king. But there was something else on the coffin. Carter describes it thus: ". . . but the most touching by its human simplicity was the tiny wreath of flowers around the symbols on the forehead," the last farewell offering of the widowed girl queen to her husband. ". . . Among all that regal splendor, that royal magnificence—everywhere the glint of gold—there was nothing so beautiful as those few withered flowers, still retaining their tinge of color. They told us what a short period three thousand three hundred years really was—but Yesterday and the Morrow. In fact, that little touch of nature made that ancient and our modern civilization kin." See *Gods, Graves, and Scholars* by C. E. Ceram (Knopf).

The girl queen laying the flowers on the face of her king just before she left the chamber is one with all loved ones of all the centuries performing the last sad rite of remembrance; but, even more, the act is a symbol of Something that lives beneath all the shifts and clamors of events. In a simpler way, in any research into common lives of the nearer past we touch fine forces also—not only love, courage, faith, kindness, but many far subtler that are "one with all yesterdays and all tomorrows."

* * *

"Meetin' Seed Bags," by Annette C. Dimock, in the July, 1951, *Quarterly* aroused an interest that stills bears dividends for us. From a note we take this: "In *Oldtime Gardens* by Alice Morse Earle, there is a chapter, 'Meetin' Seed and Sabbath Day Posies.' The author says ripe fennel, dill and caraway seeds were carried in bunches to meetings on Sundays. Old-fashioned folk kept up a constant nibbling

in church, not only of these three seeds, but of bits of cinnamon or lovage root, or more commonly still the roots of sweet flag." Probably many a dry sermon was countered by some of the flavors found in the munching; but we draw the line at caraway seeds, particularly in cookies, which as a little fellow we were compelled to eat, meeting the argument, "They are good for you!" when we rebelled. That old-fashioned "Good for you!" often used in the old-time Puritan family makes our feathers rise—even now. But Mrs. Dimock's verses did *not* mention caraway seeds. Perhaps this bit from another note sums up the final issue: "The poem pleased and interested me much, for my remembrance of those years cherishes the sense of well-being and contentment that possessed me when small doles of sassafras bark from an adult pocket quieted my restlessness during the long and perfectly unintelligible sermon." Sassafras bark, sweetened in sugar, yes; caraway seeds—NO!

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One of the perplexing and harassing problems in Vermont for many a year has grown out of the teaching of Vermont history in our schools. Various books have been used by interested teachers, the best, perhaps, *Vermont for Young Vermonters*, but none has been satisfactory. The Legislature has provided for the writing and publication of a text on our history, aimed at about the eighth-grade level; and, at last, our school children are to have a textbook that will be satisfactory. Edmund Fuller (VHS), of Shoreham, Vt., a writer and editor of distinction, has written the text with the aid of a wide range of consultants who know Vermont. We will see to it that our members are informed about the book when it is available—and the time is not far off.

* * *

I shall miss sorely a good friend and ever-generous member of VHS, Professor Wellington E. Aiken of Burlington. A former member of the faculty of the University of Vermont and St. Michael's College, he brought to his service here the quiet wisdom of a sound scholarship, and even more important, an understanding of men and things in controversy. This issue contains his last review, and I have a paper on the country school scheduled for later publication; and then the story seems to end. Actually, it does not, for his contributions to our publications have a lasting value; and his influence reaches out and will reach out to uncharted shores. He was a key member of the strong Poetry Society of Vermont, to whose strength he contributed greatly. At the moment of his death he had in his hand the copy he

had written for *The Mountain Troubadour*, the issue of which he was editor. When the number was published, Kaye Starbird, one of the Society's poets whose work appears in the country's leading magazines, wrote this farewell which was published in the number. I print it here, to close at least for mortal eyes, the record.

To A Friend

[Dedicated to Wellington E. Aiken]

The train is gone. Left standing
here in the circle of the light,
We watch the snow sift quietly over
the empty track,
No whistle sounds to mark where the swift
train moves in the night.
The station platform is still. Alone
now, we shall go back.

We did not plan on your going, putting
our trust
Possibly in the permanence of all things
good and kind.
There are so few that find, as you, the lost
green flowers in the dust,
With the binoculars of a great and
gentle mind.

There's much of discipline but little
of giving in grief;
It cannot give you hours to replace
the hours that are gone.
But time must be more places than here,
where all time is brief.
The snow sifts on the track. Far off
the train hurries on . . .

And you move forward into another
circle of light,
Where footsteps other than ours
run toward you out of the night.

" . . . the permanence of all things good and kind"—he believed in it, as I and others do; so, hail and farewell, for the time being, wise and good friend.

* * *

"Cure-alls of the Past," by Mrs. Lawrence in the January *Quarterly* aroused my curiosity and that of others as to her belief in the curing value—from a modern point of view—of the herbs she mentioned. She sent along a few comments in answer to my query. She writes:

1. *Meadow Fern Ointment*. Crushed balm of gilead buds emit a pungent, clean fragrance. This cooling ointment is pale green in color. During my childhood a jar of it always stood on the shelf above the kitchen sink. This balm may not have been as effective as "unguentine," but it was soothing to sunburn and woodstove blisters.
2. *Diuretic Tea*. Whether its medicinal value lay within the dregs of queen of the meadow and juniper berries or whether its purging quality lay in the direction to "drink freely," I dare not say. It was one of my grandmother's favorite prescriptions, and we "have lived to tell the tale."
3. *Boneset or Thoroughwort Tea*. This is one of the more common of old-time cures for lassitude. Its bitterness whetted the appetite. As a tonic, I believe it to be superior to many of the present commercial concoctions. At least, it was unadulterated.
3. *Infusion of Elder Flowers*. This mild tea prepared from dried elder bloom often took the place of sage tea. It "worked" when taken as a cure for costiveness.
4. *Neutralizing Cordial or Mixture*. Rhubarb and peppermint are still used in many commercial drugs as a beneficial aid in the cure of stomach complaint. To me the continuance of its usage as a beneficial aid through the years is proof of its helpfulness.
5. *Extract of Gentian*. This receipt I found among my grandmother's papers. I included it because it showed the differentiation between teas and extracts. Extracts are much more concentrated. There was a stipulation that when taken internally it should be in very small doses.

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Mrs. Carty (VHS), whose paper on our Vermont traditional gardens fills what is so often called a "long-felt want or need," has been identified with the national program of the National Federation of State Garden Clubs in its promotion of an interest in gardens. In Vermont, flower gardens do tend to become "one-woman gardens," as they were long ago; but whatever keeps a love of beauty alight in a community is as vital to its welfare as an interest in erecting buildings or passing laws. Her address is 11 First St., Fair Haven, Vt. One of the most interesting of all historical publications that come to my desk is *The Bulletin of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum* of which the editor is Miss Murray (VHS), I believe. Members coming to Vermont for the summer should, by all means, visit the Fort and Museum near Ticonderoga, N. Y. Mr. G. Murray Campbell (VHS) is vice president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Enthusiasm in behalf of the old railroads is evidently increasing; and,

while our interest in railroads is limited to the hope of riding comfortably on them and getting to our destinations within reasonable time, we must take cognizance of the enthusiasm; so other articles are to appear on the famed old roads of the past in Vermont. President Gay's paper on the history of the Baptist religion in Vermont is one of a coming series of brief histories dealing with each faith that has made a marked contribution to the welfare of the state. Professor Raymond A. Hall (VHS) of the University of Vermont is beginning research on a definitive history of religion in Vermont—a study that is badly needed. We intend to give him all possible aid and hope our members may be of some assistance. Mrs. Hutchinson's sketch of Gilbert Hart is appealing to us, for sometimes it seems as if in most of our villages and towns, a former citizen has returned to make some permanent gift to his home place. Often it is the old story of a lad growing up under hard conditions that wove into him and his soul some element that made him successful in the world beyond Vermont's borders; and the fact that he returns to make some lasting contribution indicates that he valued what he found in the early difficult years.

* * *

With this issue the Vermont Bookshelf appears again with our reviewers in action. We hope to select for review books of permanent value. Dr. Jeremiah K. Durick is a member of our Board of Curators; he is Head of the English Department of St. Michael's College and a former president of the Poetry Society of Vermont. Vrest Orton, a vice-president of the Society, is a former New Yorker, active in New York as an editor and designer, who has returned to his native state to run the famous Vermont Country Store in Weston, Vt. Ralph N. Hill, Jr., is the author of *The Winooski* and *Contrary Vermont*. He is now busy on a new volume, *Steamboat Saga*. Dr. John C. Huden, Professor of Education, University of Vermont, is a Curator.

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When this issue reaches you, the 114th annual meeting will be history. The full story of it will appear in our July number. Our Society is by no means the oldest in New England, but the sequence of the years in Vermont has seen no serious change or shift; and the old records of a century ago read like the records of today in the sense that the Vermonter's faith in common men, in the values of work and effort, in tasks performed as Coolidge put it, "in the light of great principles," is strong still in the hills and valleys and on the mountain sides as it was a century ago. May that faith be holding fast a century from now!

A.W.P.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Membership in the Society is open to any individual or institution.

AIMS AND PURPOSES

THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, founded one hundred and twelve years ago, is the *official historical society* of the State of Vermont. Housed in the State Library Building at Montpelier, it maintains a Library, Reading-Room, the State Museum, and furnishes a wide range of services to the State and individuals through its staff. It publishes scholarly and general books of lasting value; its rich collections contain priceless material for the study of community, state, and national history; it serves as headquarters for the local historical societies of the State. It also functions as an educational institution, seeking to promote the study of history in both popular and research phases. Its aims are to preserve for the future valuable relics, data, and documents, to emphasize an understanding of history as an asset to the people of the State, including its youth, as an approach to the problems of man in his relation to society, and as a method of clarifying the permanent values that underlie achievement in human experience. The Society is supported in part by appropriations of the General Assembly, but the major part of its necessary income is drawn from private gifts, contributions, endowments, and membership fees. Its affairs are under the direct control of representatives of the State, *ex officio*, and a Board of Curators who are recognized leaders in professional and business fields.

CLASSES OF MEMBERSHIP

Names and addresses of possible members are given prompt attention.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS. \$100. No annual dues. Includes subscription to the official magazine of the Society, *The Vermont Quarterly*, a monthly publication, the *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of every book published by the Society after the receipt of the dues and during the member's lifetime.

V.H.S. ASSOCIATES. \$25 annual dues. Includes subscription to *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a free copy of each book published by the Society in the current year.

INSTITUTIONAL MEMBERSHIP. \$10 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and free copies of monographs or other special studies containing the results of economic research in business and industrial fields from a historical point of view.

SUSTAINING MEMBERSHIP. \$5 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, *V.H.S. News and Notes*, and a discount of 33⅓ percent on selected Society publications.

ACTIVE MEMBERSHIP. \$3 annual dues. Includes *The Vermont Quarterly*, the *V.H.S. News and Notes* and a discount of 10% on selected Society publications.

All members are entitled to the complete services of the Society, including the answering of questions involving historical matters, the assembling of research data, the preparation of club programs, the furnishing of speakers for special occasions, and various other forms of assistance.

A membership, except a life membership, holds for one year, beginning on the day of the receipt with dues of the application or certificate.

SELECTED TITLES FROM THE PUBLICATIONS
of the
VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY
MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Books listed below may be ordered directly at the price indicated. Members of the Society are given a 10 per cent discount on any volume.

1. *The Capture of Ticonderoga* by Lucius Chittenden. Documents, notes. 172 pp. \$1.50
2. *Biography of Thomas Davenport, Inventor of the Electric Motor* by W. R. Davenport. Illus. Index. 165 pp. \$3.00
3. *Vermonters* by D. B. E. Kent. Famous Vermonters, their birthplaces, their records. 187 pp. \$1.50
4. *The Upper Connecticut: Narratives of its Settlement and its Part in the Revolution*. 2 vols. 300 pp.; 286 pp. (\$2.25 per vol.) \$4.50
5. *The Story of a Country Medical College; a History of the Clinical School of Medicine and The Vermont Medical College, Woodstock, Vermont 1827-1856* by F. C. Waite. Illus. 213 pp. \$4.50
6. *Vermont During the War for Independence . . . Being Three Chapters from the Author's Natural and Civil History of Vermont*, published in 1794, by Samuel Williams. 104 pp. Wrappers. \$1.25
7. *People of Wallingford* by B. C. Batcheller. 328 pp. \$3.00
8. *History of Londonderry* by A. E. Cudworth. 228 pp. \$3.00
9. *History of Marlborough* by E. H. Newton. 330 pp. \$3.50
10. *History of Barnard* by W. M. Newton. 2 vols. 879 pp. Illus. Folding Maps \$6.00
11. *History of Pomfret* by H. H. Vail. 2 vols. 687 pp. Illus. Folding Maps \$5.00
12. *List of Pensioners of the War of 1812* by B. N. Clark. \$1.50
13. *Vermont Imprints Before 1800* by Elizabeth F. Cooley. 133 pp. \$1.50
14. *Heads of Families: Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont*. Folio, 233 pp. \$3.00
15. *The First Medical College in Vermont. Castleton 1818-1862* by Frederick Clayton Waite. 280 pp. 13 ill. Catalog of graduates and non-graduates. Index. \$5.00.

WHAT IS HISTORY?

What is history and where is it found?

Not in books only, written for classrooms, to be ploughed through for home work.

History is everywhere, the record of life, the record of men and of women who were dreamers and scoundrels, heroes and wretches, the lazy and earnest, the dejected and laughing. It is written in diaries and newspapers, now yellowed and dry.

It was drawn onto maps by surveyors and sent back as dispatches by scouts to the settlements.

History is stories told by old men as they whittle and songs as their women folk sing them.

It is found in a horseshoe nailed over the door of a barn, long since rotted and lost.

Then, too, in a graveyard, where the little stones tell their stories of hard winters, epidemics, fevers and wilderness childbirth.

The record is endless—but eyes must be sharpened to read it: to read in the columns of one of our houses a love of the Greeks and the Romans, or in a crumbling milestone the long panorama of travel, an Indian runner on a woods path to a thruway for six lanes of traffic at 70 miles an hour.

There is history in chimneys and ox yokes, in grange halls and trolley cars, in the sharp sayings of old folks and in shoes tied to the car of the bride and groom.

There is history in baseballs and goal posts, in holly and old Boston rockers, in fishhooks and the blue and white quilt hidden away in the attic.

History is everyman's story, the road along which man came. Seek it wherever you are, striking down roots that will nourish and strengthen you.

For only by knowing of yesterday can today and tomorrow have meaning, only then do we keep our perspective, only then can we steady our aim.

Louis C. Jones

Director, New York State Historical Association
in

The Yorker, September–October, 1950